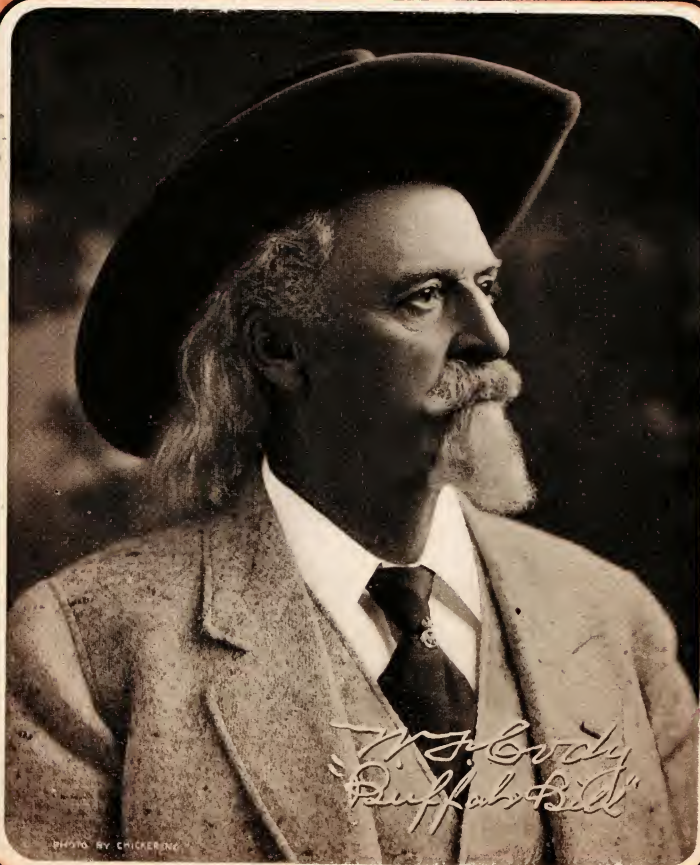


Buffalo Bill's Message to the Boy Scouts

BOYS' LIFE

THE MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS AND BOY SCOUTS



A Word to Parents and Critics

WE HAVE had several letters from critics rather condemning the "blood and thunder" tone of some of the stories in BOYS' LIFE, and we cannot help agreeing to some extent with them seeing that the stories in this magazine are occasionally of a rather sensational type, but I should like parents and others interested in our scheme to understand that there is a reason for this; and a reason which is presented to our critics has almost always met with approval. We find that it is generally sufficient to ask them to look at some of the other papers which constitutes the literature of the average boy.

It is from that kind of poison that we want to wean the boys. If we offered him "Scribners," or "Review of Reviews," as a substitute, it is just possible that he might not be lured from his first love. So we offer him something more to his taste; sensational as it may be, but not harmful.

The average boy (and that is the kind we want to get hold of) is like a shy fish. In order to catch him, you must use the bait that he is fond of; not merely the kind of food you would prefer yourself.

If you try for your trout with a nice slice of roast beef the chances are that you will not catch him; you must offer him the worm or fly to which he is accustomed, or a very good imitation of the same. This is what we are endeavoring to do in BOYS' LIFE, and we hope to go on gradually leading him on to a higher plane of thought; but it cannot be done all at once.

We should be glad if parents, scout-masters and others interested in our rising generation would read through BOYS' LIFE in this spirit and we should then be most grateful for any suggestions that may be good enough to offer.

THE PUBLISHERS.

SOLVING SECRET WRITING

Some Very Useful Hints for Scouts and Others

By A. R. MAURELLO

Very often, in a Scout's experience, does it become necessary to make use of some form of writing which will convey its meaning only to the intended recipient, and perhaps the commonest method adopted (with the possible exception of sympathetic ink) is that of a secret code. The real drawback to this system, however, as the present article is intended to show, is the fact that its secret is not usually very deeply hidden.

A code, of course, consists of an alphabet formed of signs in the place of letters. Whether these signs be figures, weird hieroglyphics, or merely other letters transposed, makes not the slightest difference.

The seven most-used letters in the English language in their correct order form a word which may easily be remembered—"Etaïnos." E is easily first.

To begin with, then, we notice which signs most abound, and count the number of times they appear. That one which comes out top probably represents E. We then look for a combination of two signs immediately preceding the E sign, and find out whether they appear in this order several times. Probably, we shall discover the required combination before long.

Well, when we have got thus far, we reason: "Now, the commonest word of three letters is certainly 'the.' As these three signs occur several times, and we have already taken the last to be E, the first two are probably T and H." This adds two more letters to our list, and we can fill in the message, placing dots for the signs we do not know. Probably, we shall now notice by the position of some of the letters what words are intended, and shall gradually be able to fill in the spaces. It is not easy to generalize, and lay down any particular

method of procedure, which must depend very largely upon circumstances.

If, as is very frequently the case, the words are spaced out, the work of solution is very greatly facilitated. To begin with, we have no need to hunt for our combinations, which are already set out for us. If there are any words of only one letter, they can be either "a" or "I," nothing else; and a little trial will quickly eliminate the incorrect one through bringing about some impossible combination of letters.

By keeping in mind a few useful hints, the reader will very soon become adept at the art.

For instance, next to "the," the commonest three-letter words are "and" and "you," with "are" fairly close. There are only four two-letter words beginning with I—"if, in, is," and "it." "No" is the only two-letter word beginning with N, "so" with S, and "to" with T; in fact, two-letter words beginning with a consonant nearly always end in O. Of course, there are no words in the English language which do not contain a vowel.

There are many other methods of secret writing, besides the use of a code, but space forbids my going into them in detail here. For instance, as already mentioned, sympathetic ink is very often used—ink, that is, which is invisible until subjected to a certain process, usually exposure to heat.


Plutarch, the old Greek historian, tells us of the use of the "scytala," which was a wooden staff, round which was wound a strip of parchment. The message was written on this, and then the strip was unwound. It was, of course, unreadable until replaced on a staff of equal diameter. This method might be very conveniently adapted with Scouts' staves.

I hope this brief article has been clear enough to show that secret writing by codes may be solved without much difficulty, and that the art is by no means reserved to the cute few, though, of course, a little practice is necessary before one becomes very quick at the game. This, however, can be obtained by the judicious use of the "Agony" Columns of the daily papers, in which cipher messages not infrequently appear.

It is certainly an art which a Scout might find a very convenient addition to the list of his accomplishments.

BOYS' LIFE

BOYS AND BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE



Vol. 1

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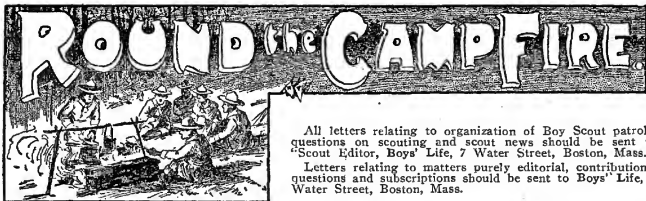
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All letters relating to organization of Boy Scout patrols, questions on scouting and scout news should be sent to "Scout Editor, Boys' Life, 7 Water Street, Boston, Mass.

Letters relating to matters purely editorial, contributions, questions and subscriptions should be sent to Boys' Life, 7 Water Street, Boston, Mass.

This number of Boys' Life is without doubt the finest that has yet appeared. Full of interesting articles, pictures, and news of the Boy Scout movement from every section of the continent. In this issue will be found some of the finest boys' stories that you have ever read and they are just samples of what we intend to give you in the future. No boys' magazine published today can equal the record set by this number of Boys' Life. This may seem rather a broad statement but I don't want to have you take my word for it—read our magazine through and then judge for yourself as to the truth of my statements. I know that you will agree with me that every page in this magazine teems with the right sort of interest and excitement.

WHAT do you think of the Boy Scout news department in this issue? For some time past Mr. Lane has been perfecting his plans for a corps of special correspondents in nearly every city in the country and the large amount, and high standard of the news notes in this issue vouch well for the success of his work. In connection with this, I wish to state that Mr. Lane is ever on the lookout for announcements as to what the Boy Scouts are doing or what they are making plans for achieving in the future.

Boys' Life is the first magazine to give its readers a message to the Boy Scouts from Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill), and I feel justly proud of our achievement in this matter. Mr. Lane met Colonel Cody recently and had a pleasant talk on the Scout movement and the various features connected with it and in this interesting article gives the result of his interview.

The article, "A Plunge for Fame," telling of Jack Glenister's wonderful swim of the Niagara Whirlpool Rapids, tells of one of the greatest feats recorded in swimming history. A feat that shows the pluck and endurance that characterizes the true American citizen. Just imagine the courage of the man, to swim the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara—a feat that promised instant death. At this place the famous English swimmer, Captain Webb, lost his life in attempting this feat. It defies description. I am offering in another part of this issue a book written by Mr. Glenister on swimming and life saving to every boy that sends in a subscription to Boys' Life. I regard this book as one of the best authorities on the subject with which it deals and would suggest that you send in your subscription immediately before the supply is exhausted.

In an early edition of Boys' Life I intend to commence a grand series of articles on swimming and life saving by one of the foremost swimmers of the world. This series should prove extremely interesting to all boy scouts as every scout should be at home in the water as well as on land.

I am extremely gratified at the large number of scouts among my readers who like and appreciate clean, healthy literature. The way in which our magazine is selling augurs well for the success of our plans. The coming of Boys' Life has been welcomed by thousands of boys all over the country. I have received hundreds of letters—some with friendly criticism, and all with a hearty welcome for my venture and I am filled with great pride to think that the boys of America take such an interest in my efforts to give them a clean, manly boy's magazine—something that they can all be proud of and the starting of which marks an epoch in the magazine world.

I am very sorry that the limited space at my disposal in this issue renders it impossible to acknowledge the receipt of every letter that has been sent me by my boys, and I thank those who have written me, for their kind words of encouragement and praise.

Another thing that pleases me is the fact that the parents of the boys are taking so great an interest in my magazine. This interest is shown in the letters which I have received from them commending Boys' Life and offering suggestions as to its im-

provement. Now, I want to say one thing to the parents—if you find in this magazine anything which in any way you object to I want to hear from you.

I have received many letters from boys inquiring regarding the May issue of Boys' Life. There was no issue published during May. We skipped that month so that we could catch up on our work here and change the magazine to a monthly instead of twice a month magazine. This gives us more time to edit the magazine and to secure better stories, etc. I believe you will appreciate the merits of the change. All subscriptions will be extended accordingly. Now that the subscription price is only fifty cents a year I see no reason why every boy and boy scout in the country should not be a subscriber. Take advantage of the coupon on page two of this issue and subscribe at once.

"One who likes goo... stories" writes that he likes Boys' Life very much and considers the stories among the best that he has ever read. His only objection is that he imagines that the magazine is "too small." I wish to call his attention to the fact that in each issue of this magazine I am giving you stories over forty thousand words of high class reading matter, with illustrations and special articles from men whose names are bywords in every corner of the country. When we publish stories by such men as Jack London, Roger Poock, John Mackie, Warren Killworth, Bruce Farrison, Francis Marlowe, Stephen Angus Cox, Captain Frank H. Shaw, Stanley Gordon, "The Chaplain," H. Mortimer Batten, Stacey Blake, Frank C. Boscock; and interviews with such men as Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill), and Jack Glenister with our great department "From Weakness to Strength," by Jack Glenister, I think I am giving you the best that money can buy. Every story which we write for Boys' Life is a sure one who has studied boys and has written for them for years. These men are not amateurs but have been tried and true boys' writers since they started writing. I am making Boys' Life the BEST and largest five cent boy's magazine in the world. However, I shall not stop at forty-eight pages but shall, as soon as our circulation warrants, enlarge the tourment to sixty-four pages. Now boys; it's up to you. When you get through reading this copy pass it around to your chums, tell them all about it, get out and hustle for Boys' Life—it will mean money or premiums for you and a larger and better magazine in the near future. In the next issue I shall make several important announcements and you should be sure to place your order with your newsdealer early and not get left. Or better still, send in your subscription and you will receive the magazine just as soon as it is off the presses and before the newsdealer gets his copies. If, however, your newsdealer does not sell the magazine, let us know and we will see that he gets the supply.

In the next issue I will answer more of my correspondents. I have no more room in this issue. Two things I want my friends to remember and they are: I cannot answer everyone who writes to me on this page, but if there is urgent need of an answer to their questions they can always secure one by return mail if they send me a stamped, addressed envelope with their inquiry and a post card.

Your Editor

GEORGE S. BARTON.



BOYS' LIFE

A REAL
BOYS' MAGAZINE



Vol. I, No. 5

JULY, 1911

5c a Copy



By
**WALTER A.
FROST**

IT was the end. The 7,000,000 feet of pine had been shot over the falls, and Will Burns, riverman, testing his pole with a shove which bent it nearly double, went out into the current with the last raft of logs. It was because, being built like a Hercules, he could shove the logs off when they ran aground that Burns had been sent down with the raft. In addition to this complimentary recognition of his strength, the work was pleasurable and the pay good. But he was not occupied with that part of it; his thoughts were on the hills now receding before his eyes.

The forest which had covered them since Time was young had been his friend. He had been happy there. The wilderness had given him home, and had been his livelihood, and he had thought to die there among the pines.

But that was not to be. A prospector had gone among money-grabbing men and told of the timber round his hut, and it was

only a matter of time before an army of "lumber-jacks" swept in and bore the forest down. They sheared a thousand acres without stopping for breath, then swung to the northward, sparing nothing that was eighteen inches or over at the butt. And Burns went with them, not in diminished friendship for the trees, but because he knew that the inevitable had come. The end arrived when the giants from the remotest ridges went to form the raft which was now floating southward to the mill.

He had lived with them for thirty years, and he was glad that he was going with them now; he was going to the southward, where men lived and died, yet never saw the trees. A poor life that must be, he thought, and it would be his now.

When he left the office of the Flambeau Lumber Company, he found himself for the first time in his life upon a city street. The noise and the varying scenes puzzled him less than the seeming confusion of the

crowd, and, a little dazed by this, he was looking quietly here and there when a pair of runaway horses, mad with fear, smashed down upon him. He had not time to avoid their rush, and fierce as they, sprang straight to meet them, a great hand clamping on either bit and forcing their heads backward until the hot necks arched like loops and the great beasts stood mastered, motionless. And almost before the crowd had gathered Will Burns had been offered a place on the police force, and having nothing else to do he took it.

The Chief led him to the City Hall, where the Clerk, telling him to hold up his right hand, absent-mindedly chanted in a foreign tongue, then, handing him a pen, concluded:

"So help you God, what is your name?"

Burns looked at him in surprise.

"Talkin' to me?" he asked.

"Sure," said the Chief. "He's giving you the oath."

Burns thrust a long arm across the desk.

"Let me look at it."

The Clerk returned the Chief's wink, but obeyed.

Burns read slowly, aloud:

"State of Michigan, { SS.
Wolf County." }

He stopped.

"What does 'ss' mean?"

"South Section," replied the Clerk, who did not know.

"This's the middle o' th' state," said Burns, and, no one speaking, he read on:

"I—being duly sworn, a resident of the city of—, do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of Michigan and that I will faithfully perform the duties of—to the best of my ability. So help me God."

"Sign here," said the Clerk.

And in a heavy, upright hand he wrote "Will Burns."

"What hev' I got to do?" he asked, as the Clerk affixed the seal.

"I'll tell you."

And the new policeman and his Chief went down the stairs.

"I'm green now," said Burns, "but it won't be long before I know my way round."

"I imagine not."

And the Chief smiled as he gave Burns a uniform and star.

When Will Burns started on his beat the next morning, he had to use his own words, "found th' trail"; his duties were photographed in an indelible memory.

And he went about them in the simple way of the forest life.

The first irregularity that he saw was a slot machine operated in front of a saloon. His list of instructions said that a slot machine was a gambling device, and that gambling was against the law. So he smashed the machine with his club and kicked the fragments into the street. After that he went back for Dan Sullivan, the

proprietor, whom he hauled from behind the bar and joggled, when the captive resisted him.

Sullivan had a pugilist friend called Nolan, and this gentleman now put in an appearance, confident in his reputation for "slinging an ugly left." But Burns was ambidextrous, and, in addition to possessing quite a novel reach, showed fearful striking power, with the result that he carried the pugilist and towed Sullivan to the jail. In the next three hours, ten other slot machines went out of business, five more followed in the afternoon, and, by supper-time, fifteen variously mussed-up proprietors besides Dan Sullivan were out on bail.

Burns was then free for the day, and might have loafed the evening through, or, in his civilian's clothes, gone out with the others to encourage, through the night, what they were supposed to discharge through the day. But instead he tucked something bulky under his arm, snuffed from the wind the direction in which the river lay and, by zigzagging through back streets, soon found the bank.

He strolled along it until he came to a boat which was not working, threw in his bundle, and jumped in after it, and for a dozen long minutes sculled noiselessly up the stream.

Then, with a snort of satisfaction, he tore loose the suffocating collar which bound his throat, stripped off the heavy uniform and kicked it out of his way, and gratefully pulled on the woolen shirt and baggy trousers which he loved, at length to stand erect and comfortable, hat off, the strong wind lifting his bristling hair. For an hour the oars drove with the steadiness and power of a motor, and then fell in the bottom to lie there while Burns landed and walked through the moon-lit forest. It was good to be there; to feel the underbrush at his knees and the give of the loam's fragrant cushion beneath his feet; to feel the strong trunks and touch their barks as one would lay his hand upon the shoulder of a friend, and for long he strode up and down the silent aisles, soothed, reassured, and comforted. Then, heavy-hearted, he pulled back down the river, back to a world which was not his world.

He went to bed, but the strangeness of the place, its lights and its noises, and, most of all, the utter absence of his loved fresh air, made sleep an impossibility, and he dressed, and, just to pass the time, covered his day beat again, taking the precaution to slip his club into his pocket. This done, he struck off into a part of the city new to him.

Here the streets were quiet and fairly empty. But, before long, he saw a light in a corner saloon. The place was ordered to be shut at eleven; but it was open now, at half-past one, and he crossed the street. As he did so he heard the lock click. When his shoulder sent the door in, thirty men sprang up from the tables on which were money, drinks, dice, cards, and roulette wheels.

Burns did not understand it, but when one of the men pulled out a revolver Burns struck him heavily.

Then a man rose and came toward the new policeman, self-contained, smooth-faced, clean-cut, impassive, menacing, and when directly in front of him leaned still closer, saying:

"Get out of here!"

Ignoring him, Burns saw that the rest were forming for a rush.

"I wouldn't. Squat on them chairs!"

That was all he said, and he did not raise his voice. For eight years William Burns had "bossed" crews of mighty rivermen—and the gamblers sprang for the chairs as if to reach them were the one bright object of their lives.

The man who had addressed him stood his ground, but hostility had given way to interest.

"You're the man who did in Dan Sullivan's 'pug,' ain't you?"

"He come at me," replied Will, who considered the cause more important than the fact.

The other nodded, with a fighter's appreciation of a man.

"No use my taking you on, then. But, when you get tired of the force, come here and work for me."

Burns was not there to talk, and he implied it directly.

"Git over there!"

The tap of Burns' club on the roulette wheels reached the ears of a night policeman, one Sleeney, who hurried in.

"Hello, Jerry! What's the trouble, Burns?" he asked.

"Trouble?" The new officer stared down in blank astonishment. "Kin you look here an' ask what th' trouble is?"

Sleeney laughed. "Oh, I see; you don't understand." Then turning: "This won't happen again, Jerry. He's a new one, and ain't 'on' just yet. Burns, this is Jerry Doyle. The Chief ought to have told you: he's a good fellow and we don't bother him."

"Good feller?" The new policeman's eyes showed uncertainty.

"Why—eh—Burns, look here: Doyle gives us our two hundred dollars a month, and we let the boys come here after hours, now and then, to have a little fun. You see now, don't you? Simple enough, I should think."

"But it's ag'in the law."

Sleeney had no time for a colleague who was as unbusinesslike as this, and he swung round to the others, saying:

"Don't mind him: he's just come down from the woods, and they're pretty slow up there. Get about your fun—"

Then Burns' voice sounded.

"You stays where you are! Sleeney, outside!" And with the words the riverman gave his brother official a shove that sent him flying headlong into the street.

It was over in a second, but in that time a man had climbed through one of the windows, and through Burns' club, flung on

the instant, knocked him down, it didn't actually knock him out, and he was up again and away. There were, in that high-walled room, men who were never "annoyed" by the police, men whose relations with Jerry Doyle it would not do to have noised about the state, and the fugitive tore hot-foot to the "palatial home" of the alderman of Ward One, "Billy" Shields.

The alderman was at home, and ten minutes later, with his "leading-citizen" expression and manner, walked briskly into the room where Will Burns held inexorable control.

A glance at the crowd and a second and longer look at Burns showed him the situation, and after distributing reassuring smiles and winks, he turned to the only man in the room who had not sought his eye:

"Officer Burns," he began easily, "I commend you for your zeal in enforcing the laws of our fair city, and—er—I don't mind saying frankly, that I take to a man like you; permit me," and his gloved hand tried to span the other's half-closed fist. "The oath which you have so recently taken, that oath which—" here was a chance for oratory, but the man he addressed seemed not to hear him, and he choked, reassuming irrelevantly, "and therefore, my criticism of you is that you have too little discretion and too much initiative. Ha! Ha!"

But it happened that Burns was absolutely deaf, and the alderman's laugh suddenly turned into a spasmodic cough.

"Now and then, of course," he hurried on, "the law must be literally enforced, but these men—"

Against his will, he looked at the granolithic face a foot above his own, and fear possessed him.

"—They can't be brought into court or put under arrest."

"Why can't they? What's wrong with them? I'll guarantee to put every man jack o' th' lot inside th' station in half an hour!"

The other turned desperately.

"Don't you see! They—that is to say—in matters of this kind—er—do you understand?"

"You mean you an' th' men that's on the force is bought?"

"No need to put it in such a nasty way, Burns. But I'll see you get your share of it."

And, as he spoke, he held out a roll of bills.

Then it seemed to him that the sun had burst before his eyes, and for the wild fraction of a second before he hit the floor he vaguely wondered if a Tennessee mule could kick as hard as Will Burns, the man who did not "understand," could strike. And because he did not understand, Burns held them all there until ten a. m., then marched them to the Court House and drove them up the stairs.

Judge Barrows on the bench.

"Git up into th' open," a great voice said softly, and Alderman Shields, impelled by

the hand which had gathered half his coat, slid out as if on castors, and faced the judge. Beside him towered an unknown man in policeman's uniform, but with the spiked shoes which woodsmen wear.

"I'm Will Burns," said the big man quietly, "an' what I'm goin' to say is so."

His square, brown face was restful in its strength, itself a witness hard to parallel. And no one challenging him, he continued:

"I went on to th' police force yesterday, first takin' my oath to enforce th' law. Things was wide open; slot machines and wheels was bein' used, an' I smashed 'em, an' put th' men that run 'em into jail.

"Then, this mornin', along about half-past one, I found this gang o' muskrats drinkin' an' gamblin' in Doyle's saloon, an' when I arrested 'em, this little feller I got here comes in an' said they couldn't be took up or brung into court; said Doyle paid the police for his place to be let alone. Shields said he'd see I got my share of it, an' he lugged out a bunch o' money an' held it out to me. So I jest ketched him a jerk with my fist, an' jostled 'em all up together in a corner, so they couldn't git separated, an' here they are.

"That's all they is to it." He turned to those at his back. "If any of you wants to say I ain't got it straight, you got a chance now. Talk away!"

In a heavy silence, he faced the court again.

"I'm through. This here ain't th' place fer me. I don't understand it, an' I don't want to. I come out o' th' woods, an' I'm goin' back in; it's th' only place fer a lumber-jack like me."

"Burns!" cried the old judge, "I pray that the Providence which sent you will keep you here; we need you, the city needs you, the law itself needs men who are strong and clean and fearless, men like you. And, if you will stay and work with me, we will root out this ring of trickery and wrong, and make men more as they were meant to be!"

The words struck home, and he was turning back when through the open window came a breath of air—only a taste of the northwest, but something of its tang told him of the world he knew and loved so well, of streams grown wide and deep with melting snows, of spring-awakened nature, bursting buds and leaves on trails of unknown age, worn smooth by soundless moccasin; the deer were coming out now, at the riverheads; the fish were rising fast in favorite pools, and the great trees were swaying happily in windswept, endless miles of restful green.

The Chaplain's Talk

—No. 3—

LOOKING FOR A PLACE

My Dear Boys:—

Doubtless you will sometimes have to go through a trying time when you are unable to find work, and you will be harried from pillar to post in the search for new employment. Under such circumstances many boys are inclined to lose heart, and often enough it is not made easier for them at home, where they are told that they are not doing their best to get a job. In applying for work, remember that you will be taken very much at the value which you place upon yourself; so never appear down on your luck, and always keep a smiling face, though the clouds may not as yet have altogether rolled by. Don't despair because you fail at the first two or three attempts. Remember the world is a big place, and there are plenty of employers on the lookout for a sharp and willing servant.

Excuse one other piece of advice, which is to have an extra wash and brush-up before seeking a place, for one can tell in about two minutes the stuff a lad is made of, not so much by the clothes he wears as by the way he wears them. Were I a foreman I should pick out the cleanest pair of boots, knowing that the owner of them would always go about his business with a jaunty step and plenty of good cheer.

On the other hand, let me warn you against taking the first thing that comes to hand, unless you are driven to it; and, however great the temptation, be careful not to land yourself in a position of which you will afterwards repent, and for which you are not a bit suited. You must look ahead, as well as at the immediate present, and I am a strong advocate of boys learning a trade which will always stand them in good stead.

Always your affectionate friend,

THE CHAPLAIN.

It called him, claimed him as its own child. The simplicity which had led him to try and purify a whole city single-handed, now presented but one picture to him—the woods and the river. He shook his head and passed out of the Court House into the fresh, clean air.

There he stopped. The words of the old judge rang in his ears, "Stay and work with me!" The woods were his life, but . . .

He turned and walked back into the Court House.



BUFFALO BILL'S MESSAGE TO THE BOY SCOUTS

By JOSEPH J. LANE

Buffalo Bill's Message

"The old familiar saying, 'Boys will be boys' is too often used by indulgent parents to palliate the misbehavior of their boys. Surely there comes a time for firmness in dealing with most boys, and the check and admonishment early administered oftentimes has a salutary effect upon their future. To the boy readers of *Boys' Life* I would send this message: Honor and respect your parents, obey your superior officers, safeguard your health, avoid evil companionships, love dumb animals and always cherish affection for home and country.

"To the boy who cheerfully takes up the task of caring for a widowed mother, a crippled sister or brother, and the unfortunate generally, no praise can be too great. His companions more fortunately circumstanced may have more time for play or study, as their inclination suggests, but the boy who manfully assumes the burden, or rather the duty that comes to him does the right thing, and this always pays. I am a firm believer in all manly sports and believe thoroughly that 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' A healthy mind in conjunction with a healthy body marks the end to be desired, for it is the boys of today who are to be the men of tomorrow.

"I wish the boys well and hope that they will live up to their work and make of themselves good Boy Scouts—and that means a whole lot. Don't get discouraged and get tired of it. Put all the energy and enthusiasm you can into it, because it is destined to become one of the greatest organizations in this country.

"No small portion of the success which attaches to the exhibition which bears my name is due to the enthusiastic loyalty of the American boy. Surely it is inspiring to any man who can feel that he holds the approbation of the youngsters, and I have a warm place in my heart for them.

“(COLONEL) W. F. CODY,

“(‘Buffalo Bill’)”

HIS name is Colonel W. F. Cody, but he is “Buffalo Bill” to all of us and as Buffalo Bill we have grown to regard him as one of the world's living heroes. From the time he first saw the light of day in the backwoods of Scott County, Iowa, to the time when he inaugurated his famous “Wild West” his life has been one long stream of wonderful adventures and daring exploits.

Buffalo Bill's remarkable career shows that for dauntless pluck, real grit, and perseverance he is an example for all. His personality is at once picturesque and romantic.

Informed a short time ago that Buffalo Bill was in town, I at once headed my steps for the place where I knew him to be situated. After persuading the “Wild Western” gentleman who acts as door-keeper that I did not wish to hide on the grounds till the show commenced, he directed me to Buffalo Bill's tent.

Colonel Cody received me with charming courtesy and said laughingly that I had an interview in my eye but afterwards admitted that Major Burke had previously informed him that I was on his trail so I started the interview as follows:

“If you can spare the time, Colonel, I should like you to tell me something about your boyhood.”

“There was nothing of especial interest about my boyhood, except perhaps that I was brought up in a somewhat unconventional manner. I was born in a little log cabin situated in the backwoods of Scott County, Iowa. While struggling for success as a farmer, my father, Isaac Cody, became affected with the California gold fever. A party was organized, an outfit provided, and a start was made. The expedition failed, however, and my father settled at Le Clair, where he was made a justice of the peace. He sent me to school, but I'm sorry to say that I was fonder of boating on the Mississippi than studying my lessons.”

“How did you become a pony express rider?”

“In 1859, George Chrisman, who freighted with me for Russel, Majors & Waddell, became agent at Julesburg for the great pony express that had just been established between Omaha and Pike's Peak. Finding me out of employment, and express riders being scarce, Chrisman offered me a position as rider, which I gladly accepted. I was assigned to a route of forty-five miles. You see, my father was killed in the Border War when I was ten years of age, and I then went to work as messenger for Majors & Russell for twenty-five dollars a

month. The firm afterwards became Russell, Majors & Waddell. I spent seven years in their employ in the various capacities of messenger, wagon master, pony-express rider, and stage driver."

"Did you have many adventures during that time?"

"Oh, yes, the nature of my occupation led to that. But my experiences in that line have been written about so often that it would be like a twice-told tale for me to go over them again."

"Well, then, leave out the adventures, and give me the main incidents of your career."

"I guided trains overland, accompanied General Albert Sidney Johnston on his Utah expedition, and hunted for a living."

"And how did you gain your sobriquet of Buffalo Bill?"

"That was mainly the outcome of the number of buffaloes I killed when I was under contract to furnish subsistence for the employes of the Kansas Pacific Railroad. Afterwards I had a contest with Billy Comstock, a well-known scout and skilful hunter. It resulted in my killing sixty-nine buffaloes in one day to Comstock's forty-six. Both of these circumstances led to my being called 'Buffalo Bill'."

"When were you appointed chief of scouts?"

"In the spring of 1868. A violent Indian war broke out in Kansas, and General Sheridan selected me for that position. I was also appointed chief of scouts for the Fifth Cavalry to proceed against the Dog Soldier Indians. The campaigns of the Fifth Cavalry are matters of history. My experiences as a soldier-scout during the Civil War have also been frequently recorded. In 1871 General Sheridan requested me to act as the special guide and scout in a buffalo hunt which he projected for a number of prominent gentlemen. I acted in a similar capacity for various other expeditions and hunting parties, notably at the buffalo hunt gotten up for the Duke Alexis. Professor Marsh, of Yale College, among other noted persons, selected me as a special guide."

"How did you become identified with the Wild West exhibitions?"

"Shortly after the Alexis hunt I came East. One night I attended the theatre to see a frontier play bearing the name of Buffalo Bill. It was J. B. Studley who played the title role. That gave me the idea of going on the stage to personate myself. After some experience in introducing Indians upon the stage as factors in representing scenes from Western life, I decided upon reproducing in miniature the scenes of wild life upon the frontiers. From this sprang the Wild West Show, which was organized on May 19, 1883. My friend, Nate Salsbury, hearing of my intention of giving wild western exhibitions became a

partner in the enterprise, assuming the active management and withdrawing from the stage for that purpose. Major Burke became the general manager, and we have all three pulled together in perfect harmony ever since."

I next asked Colonel Cody if he thought it wise to bring the military end of scouting into practice among the Boy Scouts.

"It is a good plan to do so. The military practice makes them erect and gives the full action which all boys should have. Do you know," he said, turning to me with a far-off, reminiscent look in his eyes, "that in every war we lose more money and men from the fact that they do not know how to take care of themselves in camp than we do in the battles themselves. If these men spent their summer vacations in camp and learned how to take care of themselves, cook their own food, using only nature's utensils, it would be one of the greatest benefits to us in case of war that I know of."

"Why is it that you are leaving the stage of public life?"

"I have been faithful to the public for over thirty-seven years and I think I have done my share of work in this line. I do not have to stay in this business unless I want to. There are other things I can do. My western interests have grown to such proportions that I have got to look after them myself."

Just then a messenger came in with a note to Colonel Cody and after expressing his regrets that his services were again needed among his Indians he asked me to remain for the afternoon performance and tell him how I liked his show.

I felt very pleased that I had so splendid a talk with the Colonel and I trust that my readers will find that I covered many of the interesting points connected with his history.

WEATHER SIGNS

Rain coming.—Sounds heard clearly, birds fly low, smoke hangs low, hills very clear, salt becomes damp; old wounds rheumatic, and corns give extra twinge, frogs hold concerts, and crows have public meetings; flies become lazy and sticky; fish jump. Muster of clouds.

On approach of a summer storm.—Cattle uneasy, distant thunder, earthy smell in the air, wind puffy.

Heavy weather coming.—Sea-birds fly inland, grazing animals leave open fields for shelter of hills and timber.

Flood coming.—Working ants carry their cow ants up trees. In Australia flood-birds appear and natives hold corroboree to "make fish."

Hang a button on a string against a marked wall. Approach of wet weather will shorten string, dry weather lengthen it.

FORGERY BY PHONOGRAPH

A Story of the Inner Workings of the Great American Newspaper

By HAROLD BOLCE

TOM WATSON, the Wall Street Editor of the Globe, sat in the private office of President Matthews of the United States Railway Corporation, waiting for the head of the greatest railway system in the world to return from the directors' meeting in a near-by room. Watson was chagrined and desperate. But a short time before he had asked President Matthews for the detailed statement of the plans of the big corporation—plans that changed the whole railway map of the United States and meant the swallowing up of a score of smaller railroads. To secure that in advance of the other dailies of the metropolis meant the biggest beat of years, and Watson had instructions from his chief to get that beat. President Matthews had refused Watson. The newspaper man had tried everything in his power to coax the statement from his friend, but President Matthews was unmoved. "No, Watson," he said, "I can't do it—not even for you, friendly as I am toward you personally and to the paper which you represent."

As Watson, crestfallen, left the magnate's office, that captain of industry pressed a button which summoned one of his managers.

"Van Remsen," said he, "you know young Watson of the Globe, the son of the old friend of my boyhood days?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm interested in him; I've been studying him lately and I've concluded that he's A No. 1. He's a resourceful chap, too. Do you know his history?"

"Can't say that I do," was the reply.

"He wanted to be an actor," resumed the railway president. "He is, his father used to tell me, a phenomenal mimic—can reproduce anything he hears. Imitates a man's voice so that the owner himself is amazed. At college, I understand, he frequently startled fellow students engaged in some contraband delight by suddenly uttering admonitions in the well-known tones of the grave and somewhat dreaded Dean of the Faculty."

"Why isn't he on the stage, then, drawing crowded houses instead of rooting as a lone reporter for a living?" asked the hard-headed, practical manager.

"That's just the story," the railway magnate went on to explain; "the young fellow's ambition was along that line. Knew he was cut out for it, but he comes from unyielding Puritan stock, and his parents, although convinced that fame awaited him behind the

footlights, violently opposed such a career for him."

"He hardly escaped theatrical life when he went into yellow journalism," was the manager's comment.

The railway president smiled. "I can't say that I am altogether opposed to strenuous newspaper methods," he continued. "The young fellow was mightily discouraged at first, but instead of sulking, he took up reporting, and is making a go of it. I like his spirit. His energy, determination, and ingenuity would make him a valuable man in our business, and I have about decided to appoint him my confidential secretary."

"Are you certain you can trust him?" asked the manager.

"Several times he has had valuable inside tips on our affairs and has been honorable about holding the matter until I gave him permission to print it," replied President Matthews. "I guess we can train him into our high standard of probity and give him a chance to use to substantial advantage the energy he is expending in newspaper work."

The manager bowed and smiled, and the head of the greatest railway corporation in the world made a memorandum intended to transfer an obscure reporter from the street to the coveted and confidential circles of millionaires. It was a billet that meant \$5,000 a year with a certainty of promotion to financial independence and possible leadership.

Meanwhile Watson was on his way to his chief to report failure to secure the much-coveted statement. Dennis Markham, editor of the Globe in those days, turned to Watson. "Get that report," he blurted, "and don't come back till you do."

Mechanically Watson walked from Park Row down Nassau Street to Wall, pondering all the while what he should do to secure the railroad beat and the commendation of Markham. Almost before he knew it he was again in the outer office of President Matthews, and with a nod to the clerks at the gateway leading into Mr. Matthews' private room, he passed in unchallenged. Watson, they knew, held the friendship of President Matthews. They knew, too, that Tom's father had been one of Mr. Matthews' dearest boyhood friends, and thus his second visit caused no surprise.

The President's private room was temporarily deserted. Watson dropped into a chair and began to piece together a plausible excuse for his second call on the same

mission, but none that he quickly framed seemed to justify his remaining, for he was certain President Matthews would repeat his refusal.

Set against that polite but ultimate refusal to disclose the asked-for information, was the City Editor's laconic and mandatory order to stay out until he got it. Watson had been singularly successful in landing elusive sensations, and although he had gone into journalism as a makeshift, in deference to implacable parental objections to the stage, he had, when once fairly plunged into the Park Row maelstrom, struck out valiantly. In fact, he had forced his way with such determination and thoroughness that it had become a saying at the Globe office that if Watson couldn't get a thing, the thing sought didn't exist.

As he sat ruminating in the railway president's office and conjuring schemes for obtaining some clue to the great projects at hand, he looked around at the luxurious furnishings and realized what a far cry it was from capering about after items of news to manipulating the huge agencies of trans-continental railway systems. It was better, he reflected, to have an office of one's own and be the man interviewed than to be a driven and fugitive interviewer with no name and hardly a habitation. To be a Wall Street reporter was something, it was true, he thought, and to be the Wall Street reporter of the Globe was a position that excited the envy of lowlier representatives of the press.

"Yet if I had gone on the stage and employed my native gifts of imitation," he mused, "I might now be drawing big money out of Wall Street instead of working it for a mere boy's salary. Perhaps I would have had my private car by this time instead of rushing about the streets like a vendor. And instead of camping in sufferance in the office of a magnate, that dignitary and others like him might be buying boxes to hear the 'justly celebrated.'"

Watson laughed and rose to look out of the window at the East River panorama of passing tugs and ferry craft. As he did so, he saw beside him—at his very elbow—a commercial phonograph. In that glimpse, Watson's quick mind read success. Opportunity to use his powers of imitation—powers that had been denied legitimate expression along remunerative lines—now opened dazzlingly before him. In newspaper work the genius of mimicry, which throughout his life had been the marvel of his family and intimates, had not been called upon, but now this ability seemed to make instant and insistent demand to display itself. He felt, he thought, as a poet might in the first flush of an imagination that was to give being to an epic.

If conscience made fleeting protest, its restraint was swept away by the promises of rich reward in the unique opportunity, and Watson almost instantly determined upon an act of daring that he believed would bring success quickly and make for him a name on Newspaper Row.

Often had he heard President Matthews dictate into that phonograph letters of great importance and of a confidential nature. Almost as often had he seen the letters typewritten from the phonograph, signed by the railroad president without a glance at the text, so implicit was his faith in his confidential stenographer's accuracy and fidelity. Watson knew equally well that the stenographer never questioned his chief and accepted the message that he received from the phonographic cylinder as final. Of these things he scarcely stopped to think. President Matthews' voice he could simulate to perfection, and oblivious to right or wrong—oblivious to everything save the beat, he pressed an electric button, and turning to the phonograph, began in the cold, even tones which belonged to President Matthews:—

Thomas Watson, Esq., "Daily Globe," City.

My Dear Mr. Watson,—Since your visit this afternoon, I have reconsidered the matter and have decided for several reasons to give you the official statement regarding the future plans of the United States Railway Corporation. You, of course, recognize the absolute necessity of protecting me in the matter under all circumstances, and I am sending this letter and the enclosed report to you by my trusted messenger to be given to you personally at your office. I am trusting you implicitly, but feel sure that you will respect my confidence to the utmost. In the belief that the exclusive possession of the report will assist you in your journalistic career, I remain, very sincerely,

(Enclosure)

Pausing a moment, he added this message to the stenographer:

"Hobson, as you go home tonight I wish you would deliver this letter personally. You understand about the enclosure and the confidential nature of the matter."

Watson, flushed with assured success, turned to the electric current and the cylinder stopped. He picked up his hat, and, nodding to Hobson in the outer office, went out into the street and strode off toward the office. He did not seek Markham, but stopped at the reception room door long enough to give the boy on guard a handsome tip as he said: "If a gentleman calls here for me about five o'clock, show him right to my room; don't forget now."

Watson had at least an hour and a half to wait. Reaching his room he threw off his coat, and, lighting a cigarette, settled down before a map of the United States Railway Corporation system. Carefully he studied the route, making occasional notes and now and then consulting the latest official railroad guide. For an hour he was completely absorbed in his task and then, quickly noting the reference books he needed, in addition to those already on his shelves, he started for the library. When he returned, his arms were filled with railroad manuals, directories of directors, annual reports, and other standard railroad literature. He had scarcely placed the dusty volumes on his table when the door opened and the subsidized "Buttons" of the reception room ushered in the expected visitor and fled. Watson, apparently greatly surprised, greeted Hobson cordially but inquiringly. Before he had time to put a needless question,



PUT IT IN FULL FACE ACROSS THE PAGE
AND LEAD WITH PICA SLUGS

"Mr. Markham, I've got it exclusive, and I want two pages and a half page map," Watson almost shouted in his eagerness to impress gruff Markham with the tremendous value of his story.

"Um," snapped Markham, "that's enough space to tell of the assassination of the President. What are the features of your yarn, young man?"

Rapidly Watson ran over the salient points of his great story, tersely outlining the beat and boldly fighting for space. "This story will cause a bigger riot in the street than any beat printed in a New York paper in twenty-five years. I want the front page for the map and the lead of the story, the second page and a break-over on the third." That was Watson's final plea for space and position. He waited an instant only for his answer.

"You can swear this is official and exclusive? All right, you can have the space, but I will hold you personally responsible for the prevention of leaks. That story must not get out of this office and must not appear in anything but the third and last edition of the paper. You will take Mr. Roberts of the copy desk into your room and the copy will be sent from there in sealed envelopes to the composing room. One set of proofs will be pulled and that will come to you. After you have approved them I want to see them. You will take my office boy and keep the door locked. I will see that lunch is sent in to you. I do not want the story sent out to the composing room till midnight, and, of course, you

Hobson pulled from his pocket a fat envelope and handing it to Watson said: "Mr. Matthews asked me to hand you this personally. The letter explains itself." Without waiting for an answer, Mr. Matthews' messenger left the office, and hurrying out of the building, went on up town to his home in Harlem.

Cool up to this point, Watson became suddenly nervous, and his fingers trembled as he tore open the envelope and drew out its contents. There was the letter he had dictated to the phonograph, and enclosed in it was the statement—the official plans of the greatest railroad corporation in the world—the publication of which would give Wall Street a spasm and convulse all railroad securities. Realizing fully as he scanned the pages of the statement the tremendous significance of it all, Watson lost his nervousness and, intoxicated with the thrill of great news, he went triumphantly before his superior.

will not need Mr. Roberts till very late." Thus, with scarcely a pause, Markham jerked out his instructions. Watson, delighted, turned to leave, but suddenly remembering the map, said: "Oh, about the artists?" "I'll attend to that," snorted Markham; "Mr. Bacon will report to you within half an hour. Tell him what you want done and he will see that the work is done secretly. I guess that everybody connected with the story in any way will have to stay here till the third is on the street. It is the only safe way. I will hold the printers till four o'clock. Understand, young man, there must be no leaks tonight, not if you have to strangle some one."

Watson rushed to his room and feverishly began for a night of terrific work under great pressure. First he took the map and, dashing it with ink spots, indicated the twenty or more new lines to be absorbed by the already great United States Railway. Bacon, the artist, came in before he had finished, and, turning to him, Watson indicated what he wanted. "Draw this map of the United States," he said. "Put the present United States line in very heavy black, and the lines I have marked in black one-half as wide. Make it all black and strong, however, and be sure the cut prints black." Bacon tucked the map under his arm and walked out. The door closed with a bang and the lock snapped into place, but Watson was already delving into his railroad reports and manuals for information of the organization, mileage, equipment, and financial condition, earning power, and physical state of the various railroads that were to be taken. He hunted out the list of directors, the officers of the board, the operating and traffic officials' names, and figured out the combinations, and the number of men who would probably be forced out by the consolidation. He speculated upon the changes in traffic arrangements that the great deal would necessitate, the effect of the merging of the roads upon rates, and the consequent benefit or blight upon the tributary country. This took hours, and he had scarcely gotten under way on his introduction, when there was a rapping at the door and he opened it to find Roberts, his copy reader, and Markham's copy boy, ready for duty.

Small Dan had a fist full of big envelopes addressed, "Foreman, Composing Room, Personal," and in his other hand he gripped an extra key to the door of Watson's room. "De ole man said for youse to keep the door locked and for me to keep mum and carry de key, see." Dan tumbled into a chair and waited for copy. Roberts got ready for business, and the Globe Wall Street man dashed at his introduction. Page after page he tossed over to the waiting Roberts with the brief, pointed remark, "set in long primer, triple-leaded across the page." On and on went the untiring pencil until Watson got to the place where he wanted to use the official statement. He stopped his introduction with a colon, and, throwing the official statement to Roberts

just as it came from President Matthews, he yelled in a strained voice, "put it in full face across the page and lead with pica slugs."

Small Dan by this time was making regular trips to the composing-room, and while Roberts was getting the official statement into shape, Watson began on the detailed story of what the great deal would mean to the properties affected, the country traversed by the railroads that were to be absorbed. He was filled and crammed to overflowing with his subject, and he wrote on and on. Finally, when the Tribune clock chimed midnight, the Globe Wall Street man finished his last sheet, and tossing it to Roberts, suddenly remembered that he had had no dinner and was hungry. Dan was waiting for copy, but he knew his business, and crying, "Gee, I t'inks we'se goin' to have a feast," he opened the door and dragged into the room two baskets of lunch and a steaming pot of coffee. Watson made a dive for edibles and Roberts thrusting the last envelope into Dan's fist, went to his assistance. Dan uttered a protest about being handicapped and raced off for the composing-room, eager to get back in time to participate in the refreshments.

Watson was drawn and tired. The food revived him, and when the proofs came down a little after one o'clock, he read the story from end to end with infinite care. Roberts was writing great "scare" heads for each of the three pages on which the story was to appear. Finally, the heads were in type and proofs of them taken also. These were all approved by Watson and sent in a sealed envelope to Markham by Dan.

Now that the pressure was off, a reaction came over Watson. The minutes he waited for an answer from Markham seemed like hours to him, and, after waiting, this was all he got: "Great! I'll make it up myself: map, introduction, and full face statement on front page, story following on second and third."

Two hours followed, and they seemed interminable to Watson. Roberts demurred at having to stay cooped up in the room till four o'clock, but finally went to sleep after a desultory conversation with Watson about the story. Dan, surfeited with sandwiches, pie and coffee, was fast asleep in a big chair. Watson, wide-eyed and staring, the tension all gone, now began to meditate upon the ethics which surrounded his act. He argued that he had done no wrong; that he had simply done, himself, something that President Matthews should have done. It was legitimate; it was business, he told himself, and the answer to all his contention was the prick of conscience and the still small voice whispering, "But it was a gross deception."

The whirr of many presses, the rattle of racing news wagons in Park Row, the shrill cries of the newsvendors and the arabs of the street, brought to an end his unhappy soliloquy. Rousing the boy and Roberts, he put on his coat and the trio left the

littered editorial rooms, uninhabited save for the man on the "dog" or early morning watch. Eagerly Watson caught up his paper damp from the press, and scanned the great story, his pride rising as he saw the make-up, the map, and the story all as he had planned them. Much more eagerly, though, he bought the last editions of the other morning papers and raced through their pages with a searching eye underneath a sputtering arc lamp. Not a suggestion, not a hint of the story was to be found in any one of the half dozen. "It is a beat," he shouted hysterically, and cramming the papers into a bundle, he strode up Park Row to the bridge and across the footpath to his Brooklyn home, absent-mindedly bidding Roberts and sleepy Dan good-night. He walked on air, built air castles, dreamed day dreams, mechanically let himself into his home, disrobed, and went to bed. Sleep came not, and he counted backwards and forwards till slumber overcame him, and then he dreamed of beats and phonographs.

While Watson dreamed, Wall Street had convulsions and railroad securities became hysterical. The market went wild. The Globe story was so circumstantial, so absolute, so detailed, that none could doubt it. It was accepted as official. No denials could stave off its widespread effect. The stock of the United States Railway jumped with kangaroo leaps when the Stock Exchange opened. So did the shares of the roads absorbed. But ruin overtook the men who controlled competing lines in the territory affected. Nothing could stop the slump in values. Their securities sank as the stocks of the other roads soared. Fortunes were made and lost that day and for days after. The railroad map was unmade and made again; Watson's beat caused a revolution in Wall Street and an earthquake in the office of the United States Railway Corporation.

President Matthews was aghast when he saw the Globe's story. Breakfast was a superfluity that morning. He rushed to the home of one of the most powerful directors. He, too, had the Globe's story and was silent and mottled with anger. Together they went down town and, as they neared Rector Street, President Matthews' ire was almost beyond control. Everywhere they looked, the story of their plans stared at them from the pages of the Globe. All their secrets now belonged to the public. What they had planned to do gradually was now all done at once, and they knew what to expect in the seething mart of stocks that day. Every director in town was at the office of the United States Railway system a half hour before the opening of the market. All were unanimous that there must be a rigid investigation. The leak must be found at any cost, they agreed, and they delegated President Matthews to conduct the inquisition.

Hobson was sent for, and his great chief demanded if he, Hobson, his trusted clerk, could suggest a way to find how the Globe

got the official report of the plans of the Company. Mr. Matthews' confidential man was not used to jests from his superior. He looked at him sharply for some explanation of the quixotic question and then, seeing that the president was in deadly earnest, said, in a frightened voice: "Why, you ordered it, Mr. Matthews. You told me to take care of it personally as it was confidential."

"Me? Me? order that report delivered to the Globe?" Matthews screamed till the clerks in the outermost office could hear. He rose, and walking to Hobson, added—"Why, Hobson, this thing has crazed you. I refused that report personally to Mr. Watson once yesterday."

"I know that, sir," answered the now thoroughly frightened Hobson.

"How in thunder did you know? I never told you."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Matthews, but you did in the letter."

"What do you mean, Hobson? What letter? Why don't you explain?"

"Why, it's right here, Mr. Matthews, in the phonograph. You can't doubt your own voice. I'll start it, and you listen and so will I."

Hobson started the phonograph. The cylinder revolving repeated the dictation for a letter to a confidential agent, another to a government official of high rank, and another to a foreign agency, all of which Mr. Matthews acknowledged with a silent but impressive nod of the head.

"It's the next one," said Hobson, and then the phonograph began to repeat the words told to it the day before by Tom Watson. President Matthews could not conceal his surprise. It was his voice; his very intonation. He was thinking hard, and listening. He listened on to the end and to the instructions to Hobson about delivering the note to Watson personally. Then he stopped the instrument and said quietly: "Very well, Hobson, I had forgotten." Then turning to his desk, he tore into bits and threw into the waste basket a letter awaiting his signature, which read as follows:—

Thomas Watson, Esq., "Daily Globe," City.

My Dear Mr. Watson,—I have concluded to offer you the post of confidential secretary in my office at a salary of \$5,000 a year. If you are free to accept it, kindly let me know at once when you can begin.

Very truly yours,

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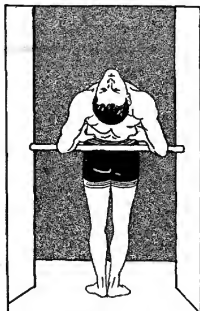


Figure 1

Last month in my talk I gave some hints on ways of testing the strength of the body or arm muscles.

In my talk this month I will endeavor to give you further advice on this all important topic—that of becoming strong.

In line with my promise to give you this series of instructions that would require nothing more than a little determination and a few articles which may be found in any home.

In order to miss none of this series of instructions you should become a regular subscriber. At many times during the year the newsdealers sell all their papers and the edition becomes exhausted soon after it is off the press.

If you are a regular subscriber you will miss no issue—each one will be sent you as soon as off the press. The regular price for a year's subscription is fifty cents a year and a blank will be found on another page.

Follow this series of instructions carefully and keep at it. Don't be what the boys call a "squealer"—STICK TO IT AND WIN!

There are other things besides muscles that need attention in a course of physical development. I refer to the kidneys, the stomach and other internal organs. They require exercises of their own just as much as the muscles do.

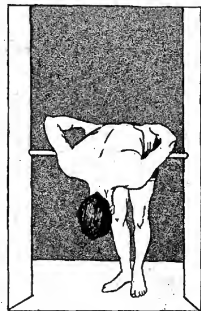


Figure 2

Here is an excellent way to exercise them all at once, and at the same time keep them healthy and in perfect condition:

Fig. 1 and 2.—Fasten a broomstick across the doorway level with the pit of the stomach. Then lean over the pole as far as you can, first face forward, and then backward.

Take care not to strain yourself by leaning too far at first. Just take this exercise easily and gradually; bend lower and lower day by day.

These two bending exercises should be tried always before eating, or at least two or three hours after a meal.

I find them most beneficial early in the morning after jumping out of bed, and again at night just before retiring. They will strengthen the kidneys, and also the muscles of the legs and back.

Always make sure that the pole is not going to slip or to break when you lean on it. Throw your weight on the crossbar in doing this exercise, and rest the hands on the hips.

In the two exercises shown in Fig. 3 and 4, you will require a light-weight pole about five feet long. A broomstick will do provided it is long enough.

Grasp the pole firmly with one hand at each end, and stand upright with your feet together and the pole in front of you.

Then lift it over the head and as far down behind your back as you can. Don't let go of it, but force it down and down until your chest is expanded fully and your back feels as if it is being bent double.

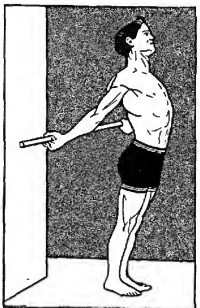


Figure 3

Fig. 3.—This exercise will stretch the shoulder and arm muscles very thoroughly, besides giving the lungs a chance to expand to their fullest possible extent. You should do this exercise early in the morning. It will not take up more than three or four minutes' time. While the pole is behind your back in the position shown in the photograph, take four or five big breaths through the nose, filling the lungs almost to the bursting point each time. In this way you can combine a breathing and muscle development exercise very conveniently.

The exercise shown in Fig. 4 is especially beneficial to the stomach. You must throw just as much weight as possible on the left leg to begin with. Then lean over towards the left and backward just as far as you possibly can without losing your balance.

Keep the heels down and brace yourself as well as you can. Lean at an angle backward and over to the left side. Then lift the pole over the head, raise the right arm, crooked at the elbow, and keep the left down and extended full length as indicated in the picture.

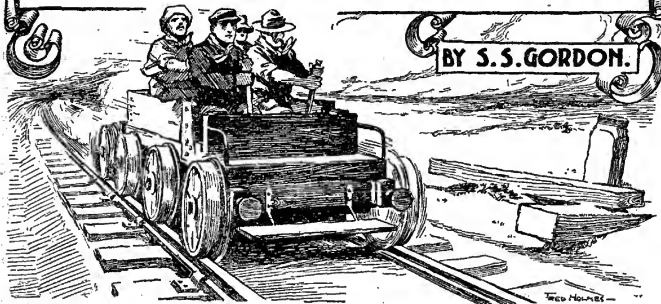
After regaining an upright position with the pole in front of you reverse the exercise, resting this time on the right instead of the left foot.



Figure 4

Kit Harbour's Luck

BY S. S. GORDON.



A POWERFUL, COMPLETE STORY OF ADVENTURE

Kit Gets His Chance, and Loses It

THAT'S rather a smart-looking youngster you've got there, Thomas," remarked Roadmaster Reams, eyeing with approval the movements of a well-built lad of some seventeen years, who was patiently toiling with a ten-pound spike-maul, driving dogs into the iron-hound ties of a side track which Foreman Graves' section gang were building in the station of Dull-water. "I like the way he takes hold of that hammer, and he hits those spikes as if he meant 'em to go in, not like the Italians are doing, whose sole ambition seems to be to slink through till quitting-time. He seems to swing it sorter gracefully. But he doesn't appear to be in his proper scope, for all that. Where did you pick him up?"

Tom Graves beamed; he was fond of his young section-man.

"Oh, he came strolling along a week ago, and I gave him a job, as I was shorthanded. It seems that the farmers don't like him; they say he brings bad luck with him wherever he goes. He's confided in me, and I like the kid immensely, for he's made of the right stuff. But the farmers have got it into their heads that he's like Jonah, who got swallowed in the whale's innards. It's true, he says, that the first farmer that took him on lost three horses in succession, but they died naturally enough. The next man had his crop burned up, and had to let the lad go, as he hadn't the money after then to pay his wages. Also, the ship he came over in last spring was sunk by an iceberg. The farmers decided amongst themselves that it didn't pay to have him round. So he couldn't get a berth, and was on the road. I think he'll make out at this job, though; he's a hustler."

"He'll get on, if he minds himself. Here's a chance to try him. Can he be trusted, think you, to take on an overtime job?"

"He hasn't shown himself to be shy of work yet," was the foreman's brief response.

"There isn't another train down to Brandon till tomorrow evening, and I've got a message for him to deliver, if you think I should be safe in giving it to him. He can take your three Italians and the handcar, and pump down. It's only a hundred miles, and he'll be there in six or seven hours, if he makes 'em work. It'll be a good thing to show if he's fit to handle men. Call him."

"Kit!" bellowed Tom through hollowed hands.

And Kit Harbour dropped his spike-maul, and hurried to obey the summons.

"The roadmaster wants you," his friend and foreman informed him. "Looks like a bit of an outing for you."

Kit stood by, awaiting further orders. It might be said that he was growing to like his work, menial though it was. But he was ambitious, and, like all ambitious young men in the Northwest, he had dreams of a rosy future. Already he saw the President's chair not many years off. And those who had been his neighbors—the farmers—shrugged their shoulders when they saw him, both at work and in the town.

However, as there had been no train-wreck or suchlike mishap on Graves' section since his new start, Kit had every reason to believe that the spell of bad luck—if it had ever existed—was broken.

"I want you to take the handcar down to Brandon, sonny," said Mr. Reams paternally. Everyone seemed to call Kit "sonny," on the railway. "Make those Italians work,

and when you get to the town, ask for Seymour Street. Number seven is my house. Give this to my wife, who'll see you don't start back hungry."

He handed the package over to his subordinate.

Kit went for his coat, into the pocket of which he crammed the package. It—the package—was enclosed in a pretentious brief-envelope, and was heavy. But Kit did not trouble to inquire what was inside; if he had done, he might have been reprimanded for undue curiosity. Then he went up to the water-tank, and sluiced himself for his coming journey, while Graves gave the three Italians instructions as to the disposal of the lever-propelled vehicle known as the hand-car, one or more of which is to be found on every section.

"Don't need to kill yourselves, you know," the roadmaster told Kit, as he started.

To tell the truth, he was uneasy as to whether he was doing quite the right thing in despatching him on this errand. It was purely a private mission the lad was being sent on—one that had nothing to do with the business of the railway.

But this was Kit's first experience as a leader of men, and he desired to show those above him that he was quite capable of fulfilling any trust that may be laid on him. So, when he had rounded the bend, when Dullwater was only a forlorn-looking group of buildings set in the middle of a flat expanse of prairie, he bent to the handles, and forced his men to send the heavy car along at a merry rate, humming, purring, clacking over the rails like a thing of life.

The Italians, however, being of an easy-going race, showed a marked objection to being hustled along in this manner after the first mile or so. For the first time Kit began to wonder if this outing was going to be all smooth sailing. But he decided that, lest his companions should grow less inclined to work the less they did, he would keep them hurrying.

There was no excuse whatever for not maintaining a high rate of speed nearly all the way to Brandon. There was a slight down-grade most of the journey, which helped them along considerably. The hard work would come on the return journey.

Trouble began in earnest when, twenty miles south of Dullwater, the hand-car came to a town of fair size—for the Northwest, that is. Kit was not well acquainted with the place, but it was apparent that his Italians knew it by a little more than repute.

To the lad's surprise, the men suddenly stopped pumping as they came abreast with the station platform, and, without a word of warning, leapt from the handcar, and left their overlooker gazing blankly after them.

"What's in the wind now?" Kit asked himself, while the surly three trotted out of sight. "Are they going on strike?"

He wondered what was the best way to

deal with them; he was only a lad, while those three were men, and strong men, too. Had he better wait for their return, or follow them and make them resume their work at the handcar levers?

"I'm going to fetch 'em back!" he said grimly at length, a flush coming to his face.

He had suddenly pictured the grin of amusement that he was sure they would exchange at the success of their little joke.

"I'll bring 'em round to reason, confound 'em!" he growled.

And picking out a spare hammer handle from the tool-rack, he stepped off the car, and followed his quarry. Instinct told him how far to go, and instinct did not fail him. He had barely entered the one street in the town ere he came to a small hotel.

"They're in here, swilling whisky, I'll bet!" he concluded, and entered the building.

The sounds of revelry came to his ears; they guided him to the bar-room, which was full of men, including his three Italians.

"Ah!" said Kit sternly. "So this is where you are—eh? Well, come out of it at once! Do you hear?"

"We are dry—very dry!" returned one with an insolent grin. "We'll come in a minnit! Just a little drink!"

Kit saw several of the other occupants of the bar-room were watching the scene with a great deal of amusement.

"You their boss?" asked a loafer casually. "Contrary cusses, Italians, generally. Best thing to do would be to let 'em have their whack, then they'll come quiet enough."

"They're coming now!" replied Kit fiercely. "I'm their boss for the time being. Now, -ou, let me see you trot out of here without any more bother!"

But they only laughed at him, while the onlookers grinned, and never showed the least sympathy in this—Kit's—show of authority. The young fellow flushed again, and advanced threateningly. He was in a land where the ready fist is the rule rather than the smooth and gentle tongue of persuasion. He seized the shoulder of one of the mutineers, and wheeled him round, causing him to spill most of the filthy stuff that was in his glass.

Though burning inwardly with righteous indignation, outwardly he was cool. He began to push his man out towards the door.

Naturally, the man's comrades did not take kindly to the idea of being forced to do anything, and they came to his aid, looking very bold and threatening. Kit released his man, and, waving his hammer-shaft, advanced, the light of battle shining in his eye.

"We'll see who's boss!" he said quietly. "If you don't turn about, and march out quietly, I'll lay this about you!"

The three fell back for an instant, then, as though it had been pre-arranged, they made a rush at Kit. The lad stepped back, and gave a sweeping blow with his cudgel, which caught the ugliest and surliest of the wrongdoers on the upper-arm. A deep yell broke from him as he rubbed the injured

member, and surveyed the wielder of the article of punishment doubtfully. But, while they knew they had the lad outnumbered, the other two still continued to be brave enough.

One stooped and attempted to close; the other made a dart for the formidable-looking weapon. Again the hammer-shaft whirled over Kit's head, coming down a sharp rap on the slouch-hatted pate of the second ugliest. But by this time the first man was ready and eager for more.

The club was rising and falling nobly, while Kit was dodging nimbly to and fro to escape the flying hands and feet of his opponents. American grit was slowly prevailing over Italian slowness; Kit was gaining ground steadily.

There was much laughter going on amongst the onlookers, yet no one offered to help, but none interfered; they left the floor clear for the encounter, and enjoyed the spectacle mightily.

A yell louder than any bit through the air as a man felt the club catch him a shrewd knock on the elbow. That was sufficient to dishearten him; he turned, and bolted through the door, followed by his two friends, with Kit hard after all three, belaboring them lustily the while, and driving them to the station. Here he relentlessly hustled them onto the handcar, and, amidst the cheers of the crowd of loafers, who had followed, eager not to miss the least bit of the fun, he compelled them to start the cumbersome machine once more on its way Brandenwards.

It was a surly three who unwillingly pumped at the handles, each one, the very instant he showed the least inclination to slacken his efforts, receiving a heavy blow from the everready hammer-handle. Kit was relentless; also, he took no part in the propulsion of the car, the better to keep a watchful eye on his charge. When they came to a town Kit rained blows upon them, so driving all idea of stopping out of their heads, if they had had it.

When half the distance had been covered darkness fell, and still the Italians, all in a state of profuse perspiration by this time, were bending earnestly to their work, while Kit was still keeping a wary eye on them.

"If I'm going to climb up in the railway service," he said, grinning to himself the while, "I must show my authority when I have any. I don't think these gentlemen will try any monkey-tricks with me again. Get to work there!"

Another thump with the stick, and the would-be shirker redoubled his efforts.

"It looks rather funny, certainly," mused Kit, again smiling. "They seem to pump as if they wanted to draw away from me and the stick; but they're taking it with 'em though!"

"Miss-ter," came a doleful cry from forward, "we tired! We want a rest!"

"You'll get it some time!" replied Kit grimly, raising his weapon threateningly. "Do you think I'm going to be soft with

you after the dirty trick you've played on me? No! Get to work!"

But he was startled by what happened next. The man who had spoken so beseechingly suddenly lurched forward, and lay in a huddled heap over his handle. At the same moment the other two ceased working, and bent over their comrade. Kit's heart leaped to his mouth with dread. He verily believed he had driven the man to his death.

"What's wrong?" he asked excitedly, bending over him. "Is he ill, or dead?"

The others looked up, muttering something in their own language. Kit felt genuinely miserable and repentant. Perhaps he had been a little too hard with them, greatly though they deserved harsh treatment; but his anger toward these men had vanished, pity taking its place. He hurriedly gave instructions.

"Lift him off the car, and lay him down! Untie his necktie, and one of you get some water from the ditch, and splash it in his face; I say, you know, I'm awfully sorry for this; but you should have behaved yourselves!"

The two silently followed his instructions. Kit still bent over the motionless form, tending to his wants with a gentleness that he never dreamed himself capable of showing.

"He's coming round!" he said at length. "He'll be——"

The next instant, with a suddenness that almost frightened him, a pair of brawny arms were flung about his neck, and he was held in a bearlike hug. He struggled to release himself, but that man, whom he had taken to be next door to death grimly maintained his hold while the others bore their weight down upon him.

One man thrust his hand in the breast-pocket of his coat, took therefrom the package he had been entrusted with by the roadmaster; then, aiming a smashing blow at the lad, all three darted away into the darkness.

Kit, the blow almost stunning him, fell back for a second, and when he had recovered his scattered wits, the Italians were out of sight.

He sprang to his feet with a muttered exclamation.

"Just my luck!" he cried. "Who ever would have thought that chap could play 'possum like that? Never mind! I've fetched 'em back once; I'll do it again, or I'm an Italian myself!"

And he started for the handcar, in search of his trusty cudgel. Still more surprises were in store for him, though he hunted up and down the track, no sign of the car was to be seen.

"Where the dickens can it have got to?" he gasped. "Those chaps haven't run off with it, I'm sure; I saw them start off from the track altogether. Oh, by Jove, I know! One of us must have given it a push while we were lifting that brute off, and it's started rolling down the grade. And it's

downhill all the way until we get nearly into Brandon. I wonder how fast it's going? And—oh, goodness—suppose it gets in the way of the up-mail?"

He felt the beads of sweat start out on his brow at the prospect. If the cumbrous machine should run into a fastgoing express, bearing a freight of passengers, any disaster might be the result.

"I'll have to run for it!" he said grimly, "and trust to all the good luck I ever had to see me through! Luck!" He laughed, without much mirth in it, however. "It's been confounded bad luck for me from the start of this trip! Here goes!"

The night was now dark—the track was uneven ground upon which to run; but he broke into a fast trot, sparing himself no effort, the haunting dread that some terrible accident might occur at any moment tugging at his heart. Over the ties he stumbled, tripping and halting at almost every step, his breath coming painfully. He had won some fame at school as a runner, but he never ran before as he did just then. When he felt himself flagging, he pictured to himself the derailment of a passenger train, which would be undoubtedly traced to him. He would be punished for this night's work; there would be no excuse. He had been taken off his guard at an unexpected moment. Would that be any plea for him? He strained still harder as he remembered that that was the usual cry of men who had been responsible for train wrecks.

Then he attempted at once to forget these miserable forebodings and to spur himself onward by planning out a scheme of retribution for the real offenders—the Italians. He mapped it all out in his mind as to what he would do to those men when he caught them. This succeeded to a certain extent.

The moon struggled out from behind the clouds, and lighted his way considerably. It helped to cheer him, to imbue him with hope, which was dashed down to the ground as he saw he was coming to a wide river, crossed by a high pile-bridge. He knew something about these constructions, and realized, with his heart in his mouth, that he would have to pick his way across perilous footing, where a false step might mean his being hurled down a hundred feet, to be swallowed up by the deep Saskatchewan River.

But that was not by any means the worst of it. He had slowed down, intending to walk warily over the bridge, especially as coming up to the structure he saw that the cross beams on which the rails were laid were set at irregular intervals, varying from eighteen inches apart to four feet. The prospect of crossing this, even at a walk, in the treacherous light sickened him; then he happened to look further along, to see, half-way across, in the very middle the handcar for which he was searching. The bridge was necessarily perfectly level, and, as soon as the hand-car had reached the

end of the down-grade, it had halted, right there in the most dangerous place imaginable for a train to be derailed. A sob of thankfulness burst from the lad's throat, to be turned to a sob of dismay and anguish, as there came to his ears the unmistakable sound of a train-whistle. He strained his ears; he could make out the quick, panting exhaust, beating out a rhythm on the night air. He threw all fears to the wind and ran recklessly across.

Many a time he missed his footing—it was only a miracle that saved him from a watery grave—but he was heedless of his own peril now; he was conscious of a fierce rage that was gripping him; of a stern determination to reach that car, which seemed so terribly far away, in time to avert a catastrophe of the worst kind.

Panting, grasping, his knees threatening to give under him, his head reeling from the effects of the Italian's blow, he staggered on his way. He came nearer and nearer his goal; so did the train! The loud thrumming beat of its wheels was clearly to be heard now, but the beating of his own heart was as distinct to him. Yet, he staggered on. He had only twenty yards to go now—ten. Ah! He was there! His hands gripped the handles; he sprang on board, and worked frantically at the levers.

"I can't shove it along in time!" he gasped in a frenzy of terror. "It's too heavy!"

But he worked like a Trojan of old. In his terrible state even, he knew he should heave the thing over into the river; that would clear the line. But he shuddered as he toiled, knowing that to do so would be to imperil his own life further, and while there was the remotest chance of saving himself, he held on to it with a grimness that bespoke his true grit. If he sent the handcar over, he would be ground to atoms beneath those cruel wheels, for there was no room to step aside. And he was able to propel the car, he thought, faster than he dared trust himself to run back along the treacherous bridge.

He heaved and tore at the lever, gradually making the machine travel on the dead-level rails. Above the beating of his heart he could hear the throb of the train behind him. Once, venturing to turn his head for an instant, he saw the lurid glow darting from the smokestack of the pursuing locomotive. Death was only a quarter of a mile off, following him relentlessly; safety was a hundred yards ahead now. It seemed a mockery to try to escape. It looked like death for himself and for many of the passengers of the train.

On he crawled, his muscles straining to their uttermost, the hand-car grinding its reluctant way to its goal, the end of the bridge. The express gained ground at every revolution of its wheels.

But still something urged Kit to persevere. He forgot all about throwing the car clear of the trestles; something fired and impelled him to keep up this uneven race.

His lungs were bursting, his heart was nigh overcoming him with its beating.

Only a few more yards to go now! And the train was barely twenty rods behind, its engine-driver blissfully unconscious of the danger that threatened him. One or two more frantic heaves, and a very slight dip told Kit that his handcar was off the bridge. He ceased pumping, leapt to the ground, and, with a last mighty heave, threw the heavy thing clear. He stepped aside; he was conscious of seeing a line of lights flash past him; he felt the draught raised by the onrushing train. Then it disappeared in the darkness, not a soul aboard dreaming what he had so narrowly escaped, while the saviour of the mail sank back and leaned dizzily against the overturned handcar.

His breath choked him, his head swam, his knees trembled; but, through it all, a great thankfulness was his, for he had saved a hundred lives, though the world would never know of it. It was but another of those many deeds of heroism that are performed far from the eye of any witness—deeds which should deserve the highest recognition, but which are fated never to be known. And Kit cared not; he was satisfied with knowing what he had done.

He pulled himself together with an effort, and started off up the track again. He could not lift the car back to the rails, but he could still walk, which he did.

"I've still to try to find that package those Italians took," he muttered. "I'll return to the scene of the struggle, and try to trace them. Goodness knows what importance may have been attached to my errand. And if I get up to Potoski and his two friends, that little affair in the bar-room will be delightful compared with what they'll get for their treachery!"

A Further Setback—Big Jake, the Canadian

BUT it was hopeless to expect success to attend his search. He might as well have sought the proverbial needle in the proverbial haystack as three Italians on the Saskatchewan prairie at the dead of night.

Beyond the mere fact that they had struck off westward from the track after the theft of the package, he had nothing to guide him. Finally, weary, sick with worry, and nearly famished he commenced his return to Dullwater, fifty miles north. He put up at a hotel at the first town he arrived at, after ten miles of walking, and slept the sleep of abject weariness. The next evening he caught a freight train, which brought him to his destination.

Foreman Graves lifted his eyebrows on seeing him, and naturally asked where the other three section hands and the car were. Kit told him simply and plainly. Tom whistled his dismay; he was not sorry to lose the Italians' services, and he knew the handcar would easily be recovered, but the act of Kit's failure troubled him greatly. As it happened, the roadmaster was further up the line; but Tom said he would return

that night. Kit grew anxious, and not without cause, for failure in duty is an undeniable fault in railway life all the world over.

"I'll do my best for you, sonny," Graves assured him; "but I'm afraid Reams'll not look kindly on the matter. However, it depends a great deal on how important that package was. If it means a lot to him, then I'm afraid it'll be a bad look-out for you. But we'll hope it wasn't much."

And Kit trembled in consequence, until the arrival of Mr. Reams.

As was feared by Graves, the roadmaster expressed his disapproval of the failure in no measured terms. He was an expert in the use of his native tongue. Kit writhed beneath the fire of epithets that dropped about his head.

"Not that the papers were important—in fact, except to me and my wife, they weren't worth considering," Reams said, in a momentary lull, when his stock of adjectives had worn rather threadbare. "But—well, my lad, you haven't proved very trustworthy, and, as work's getting a bit slack just now, Graves here'll have to rub along without you. There's the danger that you might fail in more important things. I'm sorry, and all the rest of it; it can't be helped though."

And the roadmaster turned on his heel, leaving Kit burning with indignation of the warmest kind. Foreman Graves eyed him with commiseration, and held out his hand. He was powerless to alter the decree of his superior, but even Reams could not prevent him expressing his sympathy by a good grip. For an instant Kit was tempted to cast aside his natural modesty, and relate how much he had done for the company only the night before. He knew Tom would believe him; but would the hot-tempered roadmaster? Finally, the lad closed his mouth tight, and it was never known how the north-bound flyer had escaped destruction.

"It's my luck, I suppose," he said resignedly. "I've tried farming—I got a bad name in that line; the same's happened in railroading. I suppose it will be all up with my chances of getting another job on the line?"

"I'm afraid you're right," replied Tom sorrowfully, shaking his head. "Reams'll take care to let every foreman know about you. Never mind, lad. Buck up! You'll strike oil yet."

With which small measure of comfort, Kit Harbour once again changed his mode of life.

To be candid, it was a disagreeable change, for just then, when winter was fast closing its iron grip over the land, when already the wind at nights blew keen and chill, and hoar-frost covered everything early in the morning, work was becoming scarce. Farmers were preparing for a six-months' siege, though farming was taboo to Kit; railway work was becoming slack, and men were crowding into towns having been

paid off from their long summer's employment.

There was only one thing left for him to turn his hand to, as he soon discovered, and that was to test his luck as a lumberman. After ten days of dreary tramping over the country, this was his decision.

"It's enough to sicken a fellow," he told himself, after he had unsuccessfully applied for employment at a small flour-mill at Minnetonas, twenty miles from Dullwater.



THE EARTH OPENED SUDDENLY. THE HUT FELL WITH A CRASH, TO BE LOST TO SIGHT, LEAVING KIT AND JAKE STANDING ON THE BRINK OF A CHASM THAT TURNED THEM DIZZY

"They won't let me be a miller, they won't let me carry bricks and mortar up a ladder; they won't even let me dig ditches. Except a day at picking potatoes, I haven't done a blessed stroke for nearly a fortnight. Well, I've got twenty dollars left; I'll have to spend that to get up to the bush, and see what sort of a fist I make as a lumberjack."

He discovered, on applying at the station, that his fare to the nearest lumber-camp of any size would be seventeen dollars. That left three dollars to buy himself a stock of winter clothes. He looked somewhat rueful as he contemplated the prospect.

"Unless I turn into a regular tramp and train-beater," he said, "I don't see what I'm going to do. Clearly, I can't starve hereabouts. Yet it goes against the grain to sneak a ride on the train, though lots of otherwise honest men do it."

Still ruminating, he turned into the hotel where he was boarding for the time being, with the intention of overhauling his baggage to see if he possessed anything he could turn into money to help him out of his difficulty. He had barely set foot inside, when a clamour within warned him that trouble was afoot. In a Western town, when workmen from all points of the compass are loafing and spending their hard-earned wages, rowdiness is very common. Kit had grown to ignore suchlike disturbances. He never went near any bar-room, where the disorders invariably took place; but something this time prompted him to approach the scene of clamour, and peep cautiously through the half-open doorway.

He saw a big business man excitedly shouting, accusing the rest about him with having picked his pocket. The man was considerably the worse for liquor, but there was something about him that Kit did not altogether dislike, and almost unconsciously he stepped inside the bar-room and watched.

"It's some skunk here's taken it!" roared the big Colonial, glaring angrily around him; "and I'll break the neck of him who's got it! Best thing you can do is to pony up without any more trouble."

Naturally, there were many men near who resented both his tone and his accusation. One man, almost as big as the outraged one, surveyed him with narrowing eyelids. "Best be careful, Jake," he

warned. "We ain't in the habit of being talked to like this! We don't want to see you hurt!"

This was enough to deflect Jake's slightly muddled thoughts from their original source to another.

"Hurt?" he repeated. "Who's going to do that? Not you, I'll bet! Come on! I'll show you if you're going to rob me!"

This looked as though, after all, it were going to be nothing but a common saloon brawl—one which the bartender was quite capable of negotiating in his own way—and Kit edged his way toward the door, not wishing either to see or take part in it.

"What's the matter, anyway?" he demanded of a quiet-looking man at his elbow.

"Oh, Jake says he's lost his purse, with two hundred dollars in it!" was the reply. "If he has, he should have taken more care of it. It's rough on him, certainly; but he's no right to accuse us. There's going to be a tidy scrap round here in a few minutes," he added, watching Jake as, peeling off his coat, he advanced to deal to his fancied enemy the punishment that occurred to him as suitable to the crime committed.

Kit shrugged his shoulders, then, boy-like, found difficulty in tearing himself away once the fight had assumed such a stage as it had now reached. Jake was just on the point of striking out at his smiling and sober antagonist, when one man, who had been the loudest in his remarks concerning the surmised theft, suddenly bent and picked up something which had dropped to the floor, looking keenly and furtively about him the while.

None save Kit saw him, and the lad attached no importance to the act at first. Then without thinking, he sprang forward and snatched the article out of the man's hand. An oath was rapped out, which sounded above the noise of the quarrel; several spectators turned and looked to see an angry man and a flushed-faced boy eyeing one another.

Then Kit stepped up to the indignant Jake, and held out that which he had captured.

"Is this what you lost?" he asked quietly.

Jake wheeled suddenly, and snatched at the pocket-book Kit was holding out to him. His eyes grew brighter again, and he hurriedly opened the purse and examined its contents.

"It's mine, all right!" he said. "How did you get it? Was it you who sneaked it, after all?"

Kit flared up in an instant. Hot words trembled on his lips; his fists clenched to avenge the insult put upon him. Jake was just in the mood to quarrel with anyone, and it might have gone badly with Kit; only the quiet-looking man interposed.

"The kid's square enough!" he remarked. "It was this chap as took your dollars, Jake!"

His hand was on the collar of the pick-pocket as he spoke, and the thief was glaring hopelessly about him like a trapped wolf. A murmur went around the room, and threatening glances were cast at the real offender.

Jake strode over to him.

"I said I'd break the neck of him who sneaked that pocket-book," he said quietly, "and, by gum, I'm going to do it!"

Kit touched him on the arm.

"You're big enough to eat him, Jake!" he said. "Haden't you better let the sheriff do the job?"

This served to make Jake think. Kit had not been misled when he was first taken by the big fellow's appearance. He was, in his usual frame of mind, a genial, good-

natured, generous fellow, and he carried all these virtues on his face, intoxicated as he was. It was also plain that he was easily led, for he held out his hand.

"Shake, sonny!" he cried. "You're a white man! Have a drink on me now, do! I owe you something, lad!"

Kit shook his head and said, while there was not the least sign of cant about his words, only honest, manly advice:

"No, thanks; and, if you don't mind me saying it, you'll be no worse off if you take no more today. You might lose your purse again, and not get it back so easily."

His words sank in. Jake puckered his brow thoughtfully, then took the lad by the shoulder, and the two went outside into the clear, fresh air, which seemed to do much toward sobering Jake.

"You seem to have your headpiece screwed on the right way, lad," remarked the Canadian, eyeing Kit keenly. "I think I like you more'n a bit. You've saved me my summer's pay, in more ways than one. I suppose, even if I hadn't had it taken out of my pocket by the skunk inside, I should have blown it in a few days. Say, what do you think of us chumming up?"

It was certainly taking big steps! They had not known each other more than five minutes, yet here was Jake offering friendship. But in this country friendships are made quickly, and generally maintained.

"Shake again!" suggested Jake; and once again the big man gripped the lad hard by the hand.

He appeared to like doing this, for he pumped Kit's arm up and down until it ached, he himself surveying his new friend with a thoughtful frown.

"What's your line of business?" he asked. "I'm Jack-of-all-trades, and master of none—except axe-work."

"I can't even say I'm master of that," replied Kit. "I'm looking for a job, to tell the truth."

"You don't need to look far, lad; come with me; I'll see you through. I owe you two hundred dollars, mind. Guess I'll go up to the bush right away, before I make a fool of myself, and you'll come with me."

"Done!" exclaimed Kit. Then he flushed and drew back. It occurred to him that he might find reason to accuse himself of sponging, considering that he was almost penniless. "I—I think not," he added lamely. "I'll have to look about, or go on tramp."

Jake was still eyeing him gravely. He was shrewd, was this big Colonial.

"Broke—eh?" he asked briefly. "That cuts no ice with me. If I hadn't met you, I'd have been the same in less'n a week. You needn't be scared of stumpin' me for what you want." He dived his hand into his pocket, and lugged forth the fateful pocket-book.

Kit again drew back and flushed. He had not been in the country long enough to lose his pride.

Jake noticed this and tried a fresh tactic.

"I'm not offering you the dollars as a gift or a reward," he hastened to say. "You'll pay me back out of your wages when you're paid off in the spring. Don't you be so jolly thin-skinned, younker! Come up to Irwood with me, and I'll see you get a job—and it's better to have a chum when you go to them far places."

Jake's way of putting it altered the aspect somewhat. Finally the lad consented, with many heartfelt thanks.

Two days later, after traveling hard by rail and road, each with his "turkey" on his back, they entered Howden's Camp, which Jake seemed to know as well as though it were his native home, and they met with no difficulty in securing employment.

Kit truly thought that bad luck of his had turned into good at last. He saw comfort and happiness before him for a winter, at all events.

The Lumber Camp—Dogged by Misfortune

KIT and his big chum were no sooner settled down in their new quarters than the weather set in to be most unfavorable. Though the lumberman likes an abundance of snow for his work, he likes it to be limited to a certain extent, and for four days and nights it looked as though there was to be no limit whatever to the downfall.

For that length of time the shanty-men sat in their bunkhouses, unable to do anything but watch the thick, heavy flakes that dropped, rapidly spreading a white mantle over everything. The depth grew to an astonishing degree. As each morning broke, another foot was to be measured by those who waited impatiently for a cessation of the storm until the fifth morning after the commencement, when the sun strove gallantly to struggle through the clouds, nearly five feet lay on the ground.

"We're going to have a picnic to keep workin' in this stuff!" grunted Big Jake, as he plunged through the shimmering depths on his way to the dining-camp, where breakfast was awaiting them. "I've not seen so much snow at once in my life. This is on the level, mind you! What it'll be like out on the prairie, where there's no shelter from the winds, I don't know!"

He was right. Kit's breaking-in to the arts of lumbership was of the severest. It is never easy work, even for a toughened, experienced hand; for a tenderfoot, even under favorable circumstances, it is grinding in the extreme, but with four or five feet of snow thrown in to the bargain, it is disheartening. Kit, at any rate, did have a "picnic."

Fortunately, most of the main roads had been cut before the coming of the snow, so lumbering was still possible to follow; though, had it been otherwise, it would have been almost out of the question to do much, and probably the camp would have been abandoned, and the men sent back to the town, there to starve until the coming of spring.

But at the end of his first day's labor in the bush, Kit might well have been excused for thinking that, after all, his bad luck had not entirely deserted him. To plunge for hours at a stretch waist-deep in snow taxes the energies of the strongest man; to work with a heavy axe as well as just about as much as he could bear. He did not shine very brilliantly that first day, it must be admitted.

And the danger that attended him and his comrades was considerable. A man must be active while felling those towering monsters of the forest; he must be ready to spring to one side nimbly after dealing the last stroke with his axe, lest the tottering tree fall on him, mangling him to an unrecognizable mass. Activity and deep snow do not go too well together, hence men practically took their lives in their hands as they toiled.

It chanced one day, some weeks after the coming of the snow, that, when the men were beginning to grow careless, a disastrous accident occurred.

The men were felling the timber as well as they could, panting from their exertions, the snow sticking to the rough garments in a manner that incommoded their progress. Kit and Big Jake were at the same tree; Kit was a "right-handed" man, Jake was "left-handed," so they worked well together. It was a sight for the gods to see the stalwart Canadian timing his strokes, his glittering steel biting its unwavering way to the heart of that stately fir. Kit was filled with admiration of his skill, and yearned to be as adept himself. Under his chum's tuition, he was growing better every day.

Suddenly there came a shout from another gang close at hand. The shout of "Timber!" was familiar to Kit by this. It was a warning for all in the vicinity to keep their eyes open for the downfall of another tree. As a rule, the men glanced carelessly over their shoulders, and if the danger did not actually threaten them, proceeded with their own task, ignoring all else.

"Timber!" The shout was repeated—an unusual occurrence—it was shrieked frenziedly. Then the fir came to the ground with a crashing thud. At the same instant a shrill scream bit through the frost-laden air, followed by many excited yells and much plunging through the snow to see what had happened. Kit and Jake threw down their axes and also hurried to the scene. Men with white faces were bending over the latest downfall, tugging futilely, while from beneath came the sounds of muffled moaning.

"Young Scotty's pinned underneath!" cried a man wildly; he it had been who had felled the tree, and he was blaming himself for the calamity.

Kit remembered Scotty as a happy-go-lucky, careless lad of about his own age, who was one of the most reckless in the camp. But Scotty had been careless once too often!

By dint of much heaving and hauling, the luckless lad was pulled free—and not a moment too soon. Even as they got him clear he fainted, the blood welling from an ugly cut in his head, both arms and a leg hanging limply down. Tenderly he was borne back to the camp, and a doctor was summoned from Irwood, twenty miles away.

The result of the accident was to curb the spirit of carelessness that had begun to grow in the midst of the workers. Poor Scotty was at death's door for days; many a time did the worthy man of healing shake his head gravely as he watched the delirious lad. And when the crisis passed, it was given out that the injured youth would be a cripple for life.

Perhaps Kit was the most affected of all by this mishap. He was young, and unused to such happenings, and his heart went out to the young fellow who was almost his own countryman. For many days he went about depressed, his thoughts troubling him greatly.

Then it was brought to the members of the camp that Scotty had a mother dependent upon him away back in Scotland. This troubled Kit still more. He took Jake into his confidence.

"I used to think," he said miserably, that there was nothing in that talk about bad luck; I don't know."

"It was bad luck for Scotty, all right," agreed Jake.

"I don't mean that; I mean that I'm the unlucky one. See here, Jake, I'm going to tell you something. Before I met you I was working at a lot of things, and I always had the same trouble—my bad luck. Sometimes it affected me only; other times other men suffered. This time, Scotty's paid for it. I was told not long ago that I was a Jonah; I laughed at them. I don't know; I'm beginning to think that wherever I go something wrong turns up."

"You're upset by this affair," Jake said sympathetically; "you'll get used to this soon."

"At all events, I believe it's my fault, Jake. This snow came first—that was bad enough; then what followed was worse."

"I guess the snow would come, anyway," said Jake; "and it follows that accidents, under the circumstances, will take place."

But Kit was not convinced.

"What's going to happen to that lad and his poor old mother?" he asked.

"We'll get up a subscription amongst ourselves," said Jake, partly to reassure him.

And that is precisely what the members of Howden's Camp did. People may say what they like about the Canadian lumberjack. They may sneer at his wild, thoughtless ways, at his uncouth manners. They may say the man who faces hardship and peril afar from the world's civilization descends, from his environment, to the level of the beasts of the field. But no man breathes who can accuse him of being un-

faithful to a comrade, or being behind when that comrade meets the misfortune which he himself has escaped. Hard-earned dollars were cheerfully given to the fund, headed by Big Jake. Perhaps many of the givers would feel want during the coming spring as a result; certainly all would have to forego their eagerly anticipated holiday, but never a murmur was heard, only expressions of sympathy for the unfortunate Scotty and his poor mother, five thousand miles away.

It was incredible how soon a substantial sum was ready to be sent to Scotland, and for the time being, Kit's heart was glad. But the conditions of the work did not improve. The snow got deeper as fresh downfalls came, and accidents still occurred, until Kit began to brood again. These casualties were only natural, and the recklessness of the victims was really mostly to be blamed. No arguments on Jake's part, however, could rid Kit of the idea that his luck lay at the bottom of it.

Gradually, as the winter advanced, and as the logs were cut and ready, stacked at the river banks for the break up of the long winter's bondage, he grew into a sad and sorrowful man. His self-supposed evil luck was working on his mind, leaving him morose, and changing him from a boy to a hard, bitter fatalist. But for Jake's cheerful influence and sage advice, he would have given it all up in despair; but Jake was a power for good, and he prevailed on his young friend, whom he had grown to love as a big, protecting brother, not to give way.

The spring came, and after the men had been chosen for work on the river drive, the others were paid off. The foreman of Howden's Camp singled out Kit and Jake as likely men to aid in the rafting of the logs down stream, but at this point Kit flatly refused to undertake such a perilous task, not out of fear for himself, but as he saw a possibility of further misfortune, for which he would find reason to upbraid himself. Jake humored him, and the two packed up, and went to Prince Albert, from which point they meant to seek employment for the summer. Here work was scarce, owing to the huge numbers of foreigners who had besieged the town, but they decided to stay there for a day or two to rest.

"Question is," said Jake, "what shall we turn our hand to? I'm used to railroading myself, and that's the life I like best."

"Then go, Jake, old friend," said Kit. "There's no reason why I should be a drag on you. But as I've told you, I shouldn't be able to get work in that line. Don't let it stop you, though."

"Now, see here, son," said Jake fiercely, "we're going to have a proper understanding. You're my chum, and where I go, you go! Understand? We stick together. Well, you stop talking about it! There's other things to do, don't you forget. And"—not very truthfully, but unquestionable in its

motive of loyalty—"come to think of it, I did get a bit sick of building railways last summer."

Kit swallowed something in his throat. He knew Jake not to be speaking the truth, but he appreciated his friend's staunchness. He did not try further to persuade the big Canadian.

"I say," exclaimed Jake suddenly, pulling a newspaper out of his pocket, "what do you say to making our fortunes at one swoop? There's money in this, I'll bet a hen!"

"Money in what?" asked Kit.



KIT TUGGED FURIOUSLY, THE HANDCAR GRINDING ITS RELUCTANT WAY TOWARDS THE END OF THE BRIDGE. THE ENGINE GAINED GROUND AT EVERY REVOLUTION OF ITS WHEELS.

"Gold's been found up on the North Ridge of the Rockies, in British Columbia. It says so here. Let's go there, and try our luck." "Luck!" echoed Kit bitterly. "That's just what I haven't got, except bad luck!" "You're talking through your hat!" his friend said cheerfully. "We'll go and get some of that gold, and the sooner we do the better it'll be for us. Are you game?"

So hopeful a prospect did the big Canadian hold out, that, in the end, Kit became also hopeful, until he was perfectly willing to try his fate at this latest venture.

Accordingly, a fortnight later saw them in totally different surroundings. Lucky Dog Mining Camp was a new institution.

sprung up, mushroomlike, in practically a single night. The unexpected discovery of gold in the vicinity had drawn many types of men to the scene, and prosperity was already becoming apparent. When our two friends showed themselves, the miners there had settled down into quite a nice community, the Americans keeping away from the foreigners as much as possible, while the latter went about their search for the magnetic metal without noticing their neighbors.

But no sooner was Kit well in the camp than he saw four men at work on one claim, and a dull flood of anger swept through him. He clutched Jake by the arm, and pointed to the gang, who were stolidly wielding pick and shovel, their whole attention centred on but one object.

"Jake," whispered the American tensely, do you remember me telling you why I was barred from working on the railway?"

"Ay, lad. Three dirty skunks of Italians played a low-down trick on you, and got you into disgrace."

"Right!" said Kit; and his chin seemed to thrust itself out grimly. "Well, Jake, three of those chaps working there are the fellows, and I'm going to have a word with them!"

The Great Earthquake— Kit's Luck Changes

YOU don't say!" exclaimed Jake. "By hookey, but this world is a small one, when all's said and done! Go in young 'un, and let 'em have it good and hard! I'll see fair play."

They strode up to the spot where the gold-grubbers were toiling. All innocent of their approach, the Italians did not look up until the shadows of the two friends fell over them and their work. Then one straightened his back, to see a big man and a hard-looking lad staring full at them.

"Good-day, boys!" said Jake cheerfully. "My pard here wants a word with some of you. Sorry to trouble you."

The other three looked up, to find Kit's eye fixed upon them, and a grim smile played about his lips. A simultaneous cry of recognition broke from all but the fourth of the party. They shrank back for an instant, then, with menacing looks, grasped their shovels.

"I've undertook to see fair play," said Jake coolly, but hauling out a revolver, which made the Italians blanch. "Put them shovels down on the ground—so!"

His order was obeyed. The Italians glared savagely at Kit, who was quietly ridding himself of his coat.

"You," said Jake, waving his revolver at the fourth Italian, "can take a walk. We don't want you for a bit. Scoot, now!"

The man "scooted." Jake grinned, put up his weapon, and patted his friend on the shoulder.

"Now, sonny, your fun begins," he remarked, with a chuckle. "Don't get worried, but take 'em one at a time. I'll see they don't make a rush at you."

Plainly, the Italians understood enough English to follow his meaning, for they cringed backwards, and set up a wail of protest. But Kit's head began to ring again at the recollection of the foul blow it had received at the hands of one of them the previous autumn, and he longed for retaliation.

He strode up to the group, shouldered two roughly out of the way; then, adopting a pugilistic air, he landed out, catching the man lightly on the jaw with his fist. The Italian howled, then, his sullen blood fired by the insult, launched himself at the lad, while Jake came up, and kept a wary eye on the other two. With feet and arms flying, the foreigner strove to beat his enemy down. Kit boxed coolly, dodging about nimbly, until, with a straight drive between the eyes, he knocked his man down into the hole he had been digging, where he lay quietly.

"One!" said Jake. "Next man in!"

Kit singled out a second. This man was plainly made of better stuff, for he coolly peeled off his sweater, and assumed an attitude that betold skill in self-defense. A glow of pleasure went over Kit; this looked like being a more creditable encounter. In two minutes he discovered that he had met his match, for the Italian was working to get a hold on his antagonist. Kit, who was lighter than he, strove to keep clear of the big, muscular arms. But his shrewd blows seemed to have no effect on the other's hard visage.

At last the Italian ran in swiftly, and got a grip. For an instant Kit felt the breath being squeezed out of his body. Then, remembering an old trick he had learned at school, he gave a queer little wriggle that at once freed him, and sent his foe heavily to the ground. Kit was drawn down too, but he was uppermost and he managed to get his knee on the other's chest. One hand grasped a bunch of hair. With this he repeatedly raised the Italian's head and thumped it to the earth, until a loud bawl for mercy made him desist.

"Two!" said Jake. "Now for the last. Good for you sonny!"

But the third man put up a very poor fight. It was no effort to Kit to give him the chastisement he deserved, though the

lad did not spare the man. He taught those three such a lesson as they perhaps would never forget.

The Italians then made themselves scarce. And as Kit stated his intention of staying in Lucky Dog Camp, they wisely withdrew from the scene, leaving their claim, which, after all, was only a poor one, and sought a healthier spot, where they would be free from any future wrath of that determined young man who had twice shown them the strength of his arm.

The change of environment did much to revive Kit's spirits. Soon he was as enthusiastic as anyone over the fortune that seemed to be within reach. He and Jake staked out their claims side by side, and for a few weeks prosperity smiled upon them. Their arduous labors were rewarded by a considerable quantity of the metal for which men have worked, fought, and died since history began.

"Ay," said Jake one evening, while they were counting over their gains, "we're going to be rich men in no time. We've made five thousand dollars' worth apiece already, and we haven't been up here more than a month. We'll take a trip East before long; then you'll be able to see your mother, and make her comfortable. Who's talking about luck now?" he added triumphantly.

"I'm surprised I ever let my notions get the better of me," answered Kit, laughing heartily. "But if it hadn't been for you, Jake, old chum, I'd have chucked it long ago, and let myself go altogether."

"Skittles!" said Jake scornfully. "Think I believe that? Why, you might have got into the dumps, but I know the Americans too well to take that in. They're made of the right sort of stuff. And you don't look the chap to go to the dogs. Hallo! Golly, what on earth's the matter now?"

He replaced the board in the floor, beneath which he was storing the gold, and sprang to his feet in alarm as the shanty began to shake and tremble, while a low, distant sound as of thunder smote upon their ears. The chums threw open the door, and peered out. Even as they did so the sounds became trebly louder. Then a terrific boom seemed to split the very earth. The ground shook, the hut tottered drunkenly, trees close by trembled, creaking and groaning.

Other men, interrupted in their evening meal, rushed out of doors, adding their wild, scared shouts to the general uproar. The din became terrific. The earth opened in great rents, and one or two shanties disappeared into the very bowels, crashing down into the bottomless abysses, after lurching helplessly. Men were rushing blindly to and fro—rushing anywhere to get away from the suddenly stricken spot.

"It's an earthquake!" gasped Jake.

Just at that moment their own dwelling swayed giddily. He and Kit leaped through the doorway, and as the earth suddenly opened, the hut fell with a crash, to be lost to sight, leaving the late occupants stand-

ing at the very brink of a chasm that turned them dizzy. Kit stared dazedly at the spot where his home had been but a moment before; then another upheaval filled in the pit, and his and Jake's fortunes were gone forever, buried countless fathoms deep.

"Look out!" shrieked Jake. His huge hand shot out, and he dragged his friend clear from the spot to which he seemed to be rooted, just as a tree smashed down to the ground. Its mighty trunk barely missed hurling Kit into eternity.

"Let's get out of here!" yelled the big American literally hauling his chum away. "We'll be smashed to bits! Heaven help us!"

Another tree came hurtling down; another boom left still more gigantic rifts in the earth. Almost beside themselves, the members of the camp rushed away pell-mell to be clear of this scene of horror, scattering in all directions. Gaps that had been made first were filled in, while others appeared in their stead. In a very few minutes the whole geography of the district was altered. It was as a nightmare for all who were near.

Then, after a crash that eclipsed all those that had preceded it, a dead, grim silence fell over all—a silence that was almost more terrible than the former uproar. The earthquake had passed as suddenly as it had come.

But the damage that had been done was terrible, both in life and property. Neighboring camps had suffered also. When the fugitives met more fugitives from other camps, they heard of even more terrible happenings than had come to Lucky Dog.

But, Lucky Dog was shunned from that day. Men were only too thankful to have got away with their lives to trouble about the worldly goods they had lost. Few—very few—returned, hoping that yet a little of what had been theirs might have been spared. They soon discovered that the upheaval had robbed their claims of gold, and so did Kit and Jake.

"I was right!" almost sobbed the lad. "It had to follow me wherever I went. It will be better for you to go alone in future, Jake!"

For an instant a haunting doubt assailed the big Canadian. It seemed as though it must be so. Then the best of his nature came out on top. He held out his great hand again.

"Earthquakes would happen, even if you hadn't been born," he said simply. "Don't be a fool, youngster! We'll start it over again. We'll see if there's any gold left in our claims."

Kit swallowed something in his throat. He took the hand offered him; but he was not satisfied, though he followed Jake's lead, while he went about his work of further gold seeking. It was a heartrending task, though. Everywhere they went, sights of desolation and barrenness met them; the earth was piled up into great mounds, while what had been well-wooded country was

stripped, as though by a magic hand, of its splendid trees. A day or two taught them that to hope to find more metal in their old claims were futile. Either the gold had been spirited away from the locality altogether, or else it has been swallowed up, and was now resting far beneath the reach of human hands.

"We'll chuck it," said Jake finally; and though Kit did not hear him, he sighed bitterly. "There's no more luck on the North Ridge now, sonny. Well, it was too good to last; we'll have to think of another means of getting a living."

And they started on their march to civilization, heavy of heart and sadly disappointed, but grateful that their lives had been spared. How the scenery had changed since they had first tramped up the North Ridge! No one would have believed it to be the same country.

"I doubt if we'll find our way home," said Jake one evening, after they had had to make a wide detour to avoid a swiftly-running river that they knew had not been there a month before. "There are rivers where there used not to be, and there ain't any where there were before. And fresh hills have sprung up, and fresh ravines have been scooped out. That was my first earthquake, and I hope it's going to be my last!"

They were seeking a suitable camping-ground, when, walking up the bed of a stream that had been dried by the upheaval, Kit's heart began to beat rather suddenly with a hope that left him trembling. He ran forward a few paces, and picked up something in his hands that glittered in the sinking sun. Jake gave a loud whoop of delight, then pinched himself to see if he was awake. But there could be no doubt about it. Gold—gold in stupendous quantities lay at their feet! The stream that had been there had held its secret perhaps since time began. But one hour's earthquake had unveiled it, and only these two were there to see. There was wealth beyond the dreams of the greediest to be had for the mere act of picking it up.

"We'll camp right here," said Jake excitedly, "and we'll peg out our claims. Then that trip back East'll come off in no time!"

Kit was standing nearly dazed with the suddenness of it all. He could hardly credit it, but it was an undeniable fact that his luck had turned. Fortune was smiling brightly on him at last, and when Fortune does lavish her gifts on her favorites, it is usually in double handfuls.

Of course, Kit Harbour was only the victim of a strangely long series of coincidences—nothing more. The age of Jonahs is past and done with; but any man might have been forgiven for thinking as he did. Now, however, a rich man, traveling adventurously about the world in company with Big Jake, he has little reason to complain. He is happy enough, and blessed with riches, which he knows so well how to use, leaving a path of honor behind him wherever he goes.

BOY SCOUTS

NEWS AND NOTES



BOY SCOUTS CAPTURE BANDITS

Red Deer, Alberta, Canada, June 2.—The Boy Scout movement gave a practical demonstration of its usefulness and efficiency on this day when a troop of Boy Scouts surrounded and captured a daring bandit, who a few hours before had murdered Chief of Police Bell. The entire police force was sent after the bandits who fled to the bush country. Then it was suggested that the Boy Scouts be sent out. This was done and they came upon the two thugs hidden in a cave. The boys covered them with rifles and ordered them to come out, which they did, throwing down their weapons and marching into town ahead of the Scouts.

The Boy Scouts were given a public reception on the evening of the capture and a movement has been started to reward them with medals.

This is probably the first time in this country that our Boy Scouts have made a capture of this character and the significance of the thing is very great. The Boy Scouts represent the Nation of the future. They represent all the coming manhood of our dear old country in years to come. Grown up, they will guard the country in times of peace or in the stress of war. If they start in by not only observing their excellent code of laws, but by aiding so materially in running down men accused of wrong against society, their training will be the best they could have.

The capture, whether the man caught were guilty of the crime charged to them does the Boy Scouts a lot of credit. It requires a heap of courage to face a man armed and desperate. Many a grown-up would shrink from it, and for the boys to do it, to hedge the men about and bring them back to town as captives is a deed of daring that will thrill the Boy Scouts of the whole world and encourage them to deeds of bravery.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A large number of the boys in Rogers Park have shown an interest in the scout movement, and a fine troop of over fifty boys has been organized under Scoutmaster Blanchard's competent supervision.

On April 8 the scouts went on a hike of seven miles and covered the distance in one hour and ten minutes.

The boys express a willingness to correspond with eastern troops and request scoutmasters to write to H. Bay, 1540 Farwell Avenue, Rogers Park, Chicago, Illinois.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Two hundred Boy Scouts from Detroit and the surrounding suburbs held their first field day at Palmer Park, Detroit. The boys engaged themselves in setting up tents, building fires and preparing dinner; first aid to the injured; signaling by wig-wag; and by semaphore, two mile scout relay, tag-of-war; drilling, etc. Another field day of the same character will be held during the early part of the fall season.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

Preparations are all completed for the opening of camp of the Berkeley Troop B. S. O. A., at Iverness, Marin County, on June 7. This camp will remain open until the 28th and the outcome of the season is being watched with much interest. The party will consist of about forty-five boys and will be a model in every respect.

SCOUTING KEEPS BOYS OFF THE STREETS

Parents at times are inclined to think that the Boy Scout activities take up too much of the boy's time. They seem to forget that the boy is having good, healthy fun, and secondly that he is being trained to do something worth while. There is no better place for a boy to enjoy himself than out in the pure, bright and invigorating air and sunshine which nature gives us a so abundant supply of. The boys at all seasons of the year are interested in the meetings of their various patrols or are on "hikes" through the parks or wooded places. They no longer are loafing around pool rooms nor are they among companions that tend to exercise a harmful influence over them.

BOY SCOUTS TAKE PART IN MEMORIAL DAY PARADES

Reports are constantly coming to me of the excellent showing the Boy Scouts in many sections of the country made in the Memorial Day parades. In many cases individuals who knew nothing of the great Boy Scout movement expressed great surprise that the movement has gained such headway in the short time which has elapsed since its introduction into this country. In many cities and towns the boys helped the G. A. R. veterans in decorating the graves.

BOY SCOUTS MUST BE OVER TWELVE YEARS OLD

Appeals have been made to the Executive Board of the Boy Scouts of America to permit boys under twelve years of age to qualify as scouts. The executive board gave the requests careful consideration and finally decided that in view of the aims of the Boy Scout movement, it is much wiser to keep the age limit (twelve years) uniform throughout the United States, now, as it has been in the past.

BOY SCOUTS TO CAMP IN REAL ARMY STYLE

Boy Scouts from South Dakota, Iowa and Nebraska to the number of several hundred will gather on the shore of Crystal Lake the first week in July for one of the biggest boys' camps ever held in Iowa. A number of prizes will be given to the patrols making the best drill, to the patrol for the best care of quarters and for the patrol which shows up best in the scouting work. The Scouts' band will furnish the music during the encampment.

BOY SCOUTS MARCH TO VALLEY FORGE

Three troops of Boy Scouts of Philadelphia marched to Valley Forge Memorial Day. There were over four hundred Boy Scouts of surrounding towns who also accompanied the boys from Philadelphia. Scoutcraft in many of its details was gone through. First aid was given to two visitors who were overcome by the heat.

SCOUT SHIP WILL MAKE ITS FIRST TRIP

Waltham, Mass., June 9.—The initial cruise of the scout ship which Arthur A. Carey of this city has purchased for the benefit of the Boy Scouts of

America and which he hopes will be the first of a fleet of scout schooners, will make an initial trip next week. The scouts will not be honored, however, but Mr. Carey will test its sailing capacities himself before taking the boys on a cruise.

It is planned now to make the first scout trip date from July 3rd when the first installment of eighteen boys will be taken for a two weeks' cruise along the Maine coast. After their return another batch of the same number will be sent out and the boat kept in commission all summer. Mr. Carey hopes to secure Captain William H. Collins, a master mariner of Gloucester, who has had many years' experience at sea and who supervised the refitting of the craft, as the sailing master.

The schooner which was formerly the Edward A. Rich, has been thoroughly refitted at the Lawley yards in South Boston and taken to Gloucester to have the finishing touches put on. The rigging and spars have been thoroughly overhauled and two topmasts put in commission.

Below the decks the fishing fittings have been taken out and the midship section lined with boards for the accommodation of the boys. The forecabin has been retained as well as the cabin. Two side boats are swinging at the davits and in addition to navigation and the art of seamanship the boys will be taught rowing.

It is planned not to make any extended trips at first at any rate and whenever possible the schooner will put into harbor at night.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

The detail of Boy Scouts from the Boston Y. M. C. A. held their annual outing at Riverside, on June 17. Quite an elaborate program was laid out representing a "Day in Camp." When the bugle at 2 P. M. sounded the call for the exhibition to begin the camp was found to be asleep. Some were in tents, but most of them were rolled in their blankets around the smouldering camp fires. At the sound of the morning gun and reveille all rose and prepared for the setting up exercise. At this point a patrol which had been sent out on a hike returned, setting up their tent in true scout fashion. The Scout-master of the troop is Don S. Gates and the Assistant Scout-masters are Alton C. Roberts, J. G. Barnes, N. J. Bonney, Roy A. Burdett, and R. Hynd. The final number of the program for the day was a council around the camp fire ending with a war-dance which represented the Indian braves sitting around the fire and dreaming of the war-paths stimulated by the sound of the tom-tom. Following the exhibition the scouts received their parents and friends.

INDIAN WAR TALK FOR BOY SCOUTS

The Boy Scouts of Troop Three were entertained, at their regular troop meeting by an interesting talk by Lew Wilnot, a pioneer of Spokane, Washington, and a veteran of the Indian Wars of the Northwest. He held the interest of the boys for two hours with his tales of Indian fights and stories of animals he encountered during his years of experience in the wilds. The boys met at the troop barracks, 2828 Sharp Avenue, with Acting Scout-master W. D. Vincent. The regular routine of business followed Mr. Wilnot's stories.

MITCHELL, SOUTH DAKOTA

On June 9, the Boy Scouts of this town went into camp at Gibson's Grove, Jim River, for a period of ten days. Scout-masters Martin, Whitaker and Meyer are in charge. Each scout will take his turn on guard duty and each patrol cook will have his turn at preparing the eatables for his fellow scouts. It is not expected that the boys will burn too many potatoes or over-season the beef stew too often.

BOY SCOUTS AND MILITARISM

The executive committee of the national council, Boy Scouts of America, has ordered the manual, giving instructions to the scouts, to be changed so that every military phrase or title shall be stricken out. The idea is to eradicate from the boy's mind any thought of war. Whatever military drill the boy receives is solely for physical development and mental discipline.

NOW COME THE GIRL SCOUTS TO EMULATE THE BOY SCOUTS

Look to your laurels, you fellows known as the Boy Scouts, you're about to have a ladies' auxiliary.

Girls who have recently organized in three parts of the United States in a movement to parallel that of the Boy Scouts, will combine forces and call themselves the Girl Pioneers of America. It was announced last night. An Amalgamation of the Girl Scouts, which Clara A. Lisetor, Lane of Des Moines, Iowa, organized last year; the Girl Guides, which the Rev. David W. Ferry formed in Spokane a few months afterward, and the Camp Fire Girls, organized in this city recently, was accomplished at a conference last night.

The new title was chosen because, it is urged, pioneer women typified all the wholesome outdoor and indoor activities which the new organization is intended to foster.

Mrs. Charlotte J. Farnsworth of New York City has been elected executive secretary, Miss Clara Lisetor, Lane of Des Moines, Iowa, national secretary; Mrs. Ernest Thompson-Seton, treasurer. Members of an advisory committee of men are; James E. West, Ernest Thompson-Seton, Dr. Luther H. Gulick and Lee F. Hamner.

RHODE ISLAND BOY SCOUTS GAIN

As further manifest of the general popularity of the Rhode Island Boy Scout movement, which won pronounced favor on Memorial Day, another troop, to be known as North Providence Troop, No. 1, R. I. B. S., will be formed at Centredale.

The troop is to be recruited up to its full capacity as soon as possible, and Scout-master Arthur L. Lake expects a large number to be enrolled at the first meeting.

The Scout Commissioner and Col. Charles E. Mulhearn, Capt. G. Edward Buxton, Jr., with other members of the committee and scout-masters from other troops will be present. The townspeople have also been invited to witness the ceremonies.

WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

In order to facilitate the work she is doing in connection with the Boy Scout movement here and to make sure that the boys under her charge will have every advantage for proper training and the best of sports, Miss Marion R. Case, of Waltham, has fitted up quarters for the Boy Scouts to use as barracks. A force of men have been put to work grading land to be used as an athletic park. Miss Case plans to give a prize for the best essay on some agricultural subject written by a Boy Scout. The essay must be based on observations made in a practical way on Hillcrest Farm during the summer.

BOYS' BRIGADE—LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

The first Kentucky regiment of the Boys' Brigade recently met at Louisville Square and marched to the Walnut Street Church where a special service was held. The First Kentucky Regiment Band led the parade and the boys all carried their guns.

The officers in command were Col. J. M. Wayne, Major Foster, and Capt. P. O. Waring.

ST. ALBANS, VERMONT BOYS EXPECTED TO ORGANIZE

According to reports received at this office the boys of St. Albans, Vermont, will soon organize a Boy Scout Patrol. The Rev. Wm. Parkyn, pastor of the Congregational Church has sent in his application to headquarters for a scout-master's certificate and it is expected that before many months have passed the boys will have organized and elected officers.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

Four additional patrols of Boy Scouts have recently been added to the number already in existence here. The boys are very enthusiastic over the scouting idea and excellent results are being looked for.

MERIT BADGES READY FOR BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

Fifty-five Activities in Which Rewards for Proficiency are Offered

Announcement has been made by the leaders of the Boy Scouts of America that merit badges in fifty-five various activities in the organization will be awarded to boys who have qualified as first-class scouts. While it is practically impossible for any scout to engage in all the different activities to such an extent as to qualify for all the badges, yet the different lines of work and play have been devised with the aim of appealing to the tastes and inclinations of as many boys as possible. The leaders of the movement do not expect that a boy will qualify for more than ten or perhaps twenty-one of the badges, but they have arranged the activities so that a boy having acquired proficiency in one line of play or educational work will be stimulated to make progress along other lines, gaining helpful knowledge and training.

Before a boy can qualify for any of the merit badges, he must have passed the test for tenderfoot, second and first-class scout. A star scout badge will be given to a first-class scout after he has qualified for ten merit badges. A boy who wins twenty-one merit badges wins the wolf scout badge, and then is entitled to wear a wolf's head in silver, which makes him an all-around scout.

Among the various activities for which merit badges are awarded are cooking in camp, horsemanship, marksmanship, astronomy, forestry, aviation, electricity, engineering and art. The various outdoor sports include pioneering, signalling, pathfinding, camping, angling and photographing. Then there are merit badges for poultry, farming, taxidermy, agriculture dairying and bee farming. A boy who has a mechanical turn of mind may win badges for skill in the construction of machinery and in plumbing. The chap who is of an artistic turn of mind may win badges for skill in drawing, sculpturing or painting.

It is not intended that the boy should exhibit a great amount of skill in any different line of play or study. The leaders of the movement wish simply that the boy acquire a rudimentary knowledge in whatever activity he takes up. Details of the requirements for these different badges are set forth in the new manual of the boy scouts of America which has just come from the press.

SCOUTING FOR FARMERS

Some of those who have given the most attention to the conditions of rural boys have mentioned the Boy Scouts of America, in regard to the selection of activities for farm boys. As those boys are isolated, he suggests that badges be devised for practical accomplishments on the farm. For instance, he would grant badges to the boys who plant and cultivate, according to approved methods, one acre of corn, using four varieties of seeds. He suggests that the boys keep a record of the seeds used and of a harvest from each field. He would have them keep a record for one year of every hour of man and horse labor expended on the field. He suggests that the boys keep a record for one year of the living expenses of the home family. Mr. Hays thinks it would be a fine thing for the boy to know, by leaf, bark and general outline, all the common trees and shrubs of his country.

BOY SCOUTS AFTER FLIES

The members of the Boy Scouts of America in Kansas have been asked by Dr. S. J. Crumline, secretary of the Kansas board of health, to take up the fight for the extermination of flies. He has written to the local councils in the different parts of the state, asking them to get the boys interested in the crusade. The boys have consented and now are reading the pamphlets prepared by the Kansas state board of health, about the breeding places of flies and the best method of eradicating them. Thomas Mellars, Jr., of Weir City, Kansas, who is interested in the Boy Scouts, has aroused the interest of the boys, and they have promised to do everything in their power to drive away the flies.

SCOUTS MADE RESCUE

Members Save a Life After Much Hard Labor

Westchester, Pa.—The members of the Boy Scouts of this place have recorded their first rescue and the saving of a life. The victim had fallen down a well near the church and the scouts were called upon for assistance. Under the leadership of Chief Scout Henry Coleman a number of the members responded to the call for help and worked nobly until the life was saved.

When the call was made the unfortunate was at the bottom of the well, twenty-five feet in depth, and was slowly dying of strangulation and the effects of the water, but the scouts, when they arrived, effected a rescue, but not without trouble. Placing a fish in a basket the latter was lowered into the well and the victim attracted by the odor of the fish, climbed into the basket and was hoisted in short order to the surface.

It was only a cat, but a life had been saved by the Scouts.



"AROUND THE CAMP FIRE"

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Over two hundred members of the Columbus Boy Scouts participated in the maneuvers at Glenmary Park, June 3. John L. Alexander and Preston G. Orwig, Field Secretary of the Boy Scouts of America, attended their demonstration and were well pleased with the way the Columbus lads carried out their idea of scoutdom. About five hundred spectators witnessed the maneuvers. One feature of the program was the building of a bridge over a ravine in the park. This was followed by the Hospital Corps giving an exhibition in first aid to the injured. The demonstration was concluded by a flag-raising, a salute being given by the scouts as the colors reached the top of the mast.

BOY SCOUT SAVES LIFE OF BROTHER

Des Moines, Ia., June 8.—True to his Boy Scout principle Roy Huss, aged 13, risked his life to save his brother, Horace Huss, from drowning in the Des Moines River. Young Huss was floating on a log in the stream when the log turned over, throwing him into the water. His brother was standing on the shore, and seeing the accident, he jumped into the stream and saved him.

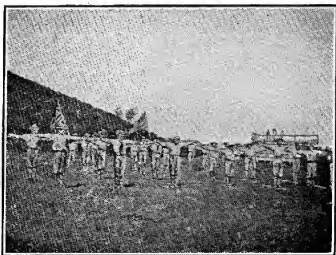
BOY SCOUTS OFF FOR EUROPE TOUR

St. Paul, June 10.—Earnest Fagenstrom, director of the boys' department of the St. Paul Y. M. C. A. and Boy Scout-master, has left with five members of the association and boy scouts for a tour of ten countries in Europe. They will return on September 20, after visiting England, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and France.

THE NEW MANUAL MAKES BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT TRULY AMERICAN

In sending out the new edition of the manual, the leaders of the Boy Scouts of America feel that at last they have adapted the principles of the Boy Scout movement to suit the needs of the American boys. The movement has been Americanized. It may seem strange that an organization that was started in this country, adopted in England, and then in a new form, transferred to this country, should need Americanization. The fact is that General Sir Robert Baden-Powell added new ideas to the principles which he found here, and when the Boy Scouts of America was started more than a year ago, it had many foreign phases. So popular did the organization become that the English manual with several chapters of Ernest Thompson-Seton hastily was adopted for the American boys. The requirements for the various classes of scouts, badges, various articles in the manual, scout law, equipment, and many of the activities had foreign characteristics.

Despite all this the activities appealed strongly to American boys and the movement spread rapidly.



MANATI, PORTO RICO, BOY SCOUTS EXERCISING ON ATHLETIC FIELD

It was apparent to the leaders of the work, however, that the work among the boys was hindered to a certain extent, by the foreign elements in the activities. It is apparent that this obstacle must be overcome before the Boy Scout organization could really find the place in the heart of the American boy for which the leaders hoped. To this tremendous task of Americanizing a movement that originally was American, many men have given months of serious thought and work. It included a conference in Washington under the auspices of President Taft, and consultations with many prominent educators and philanthropists interested in the development of American boys into splendid citizens.

The first tangible result of this work is the new manual. Typewritten copies and proof sheets of it have been submitted to many men throughout the country. The comments which the editorial board, comprising Wm. B. Murray, A. A. Jameson, Ernest Thompson-Seton, G. D. Pratt, and James E. West, executive secretary have received are highly gratifying. Persons interested in the organization feel sure that in the coming summer the Scout activities will appeal more than ever to the boys, and that the movement will receive greater impetus.

A summary of the contents of the manual shows at a glance how thoroughly the activities have been adapted to the ideals of the American boys. The requirements for the three classes of scouts have been changed and made more thoroughly American. The scout oath has been changed. The scout law has been amplified. To it has been added planks in keeping with the American ideal of manhood and citizenship. It is aimed to train the boys to face evils which threaten them daily.

The badges of the Boy Scout movement have been changed. The American eagle forms a part of

the design. The models for the various merit badges, and hero medals have been revised. The requirements for these badges are in keeping with the activities of the American Boy. There are instructions for the playing of games not included in the British manual. Many activities that are strictly American but at the same time train to "Be Prepared" physically, mentally and morally for emergencies, have been added. The equipment of the boys has been worked out carefully. It is made more compact and yet more things for the comfort and the enjoyment of the boys have been added. At the same time the price has been greatly reduced.

Another interesting phase of the new manual is that the instructions are distinctly American, and replace the foreign pictures in the old manual. The old illustrations as well as many words and phrases often puzzled the American boys. These difficulties have been eliminated.

The manual has been written by many men. Authors skilled in work among boys have prepared and adapted the scout activities for the American manual. Writers like Ernest Thompson-Seton have written on Woodcraft and Camping. Scientists of the highest rank have taken up in a popular manner many things that hitherto have been thought too abstract for the boys. These subjects have been prepared in a simple, clear and thoroughly interesting manner. These are articles on Birdcraft, Forestry, Stars, Shellfish, Reptiles and Insects. There is a chapter on Chivalry which treats of the knights of the Middle Ages, and the heroes of America in a manner to emphasize the Boy Scouts principles. There is a chapter on Citizenship, written with the aim of bringing home to the boy the deeds of the men who made American history, and of showing how the Boy Scout principles train them to do likewise.

The authors of the manual know the boys and understand what they want. The fact that so many men have taken a part in the authorship of the manual guarantees that it has much greater breadth and scope than if one man had written it. The fact, too, that it has been supervised by an editorial board of trained men and that suggestions have been received from educators and philanthropists in all parts of the country is a proof of the scope of the new book and of the widespread interest in the movement.

Clarence R. Craig, a Scout-master of Phoenix, Arizona, writing in regard to the Americanization of the manual, says: "I think the suggestions are a vast improvement over things contained in the manual which we have been using. The change will be very much appreciated by the boys, as they have not felt that the manual was quite an American book, and there were numerous things in it that did not appeal to them. In fact things were somewhat disagreeable to them. Even the picture on the cover was a source of troubling questions and inquiries. Whereas the cut now used on the bulletins and the stationery of the movement appeals at once to the American boy."

Baden Powell also writes: "I think your revision of the scout test and of the scout law an improvement on the original. We had, in fact, amended the law lately to include purity in thought, word and deed which accords with your idea, and also had altered the wording of honoring God to make it more emphatic and practical."

WINSTED, CONNECTICUT

The awarding of civic medals to Boy Scouts of this town has proved to be so successful that the national headquarters is considering the matter prior to urging that the plan be tried in every city and town. The originator of the civic medal plan was the Rev. Franklin D. Elmer, formerly pastor of the Baptist Church of Winsted, Connecticut, but now of Poughkeepsie, New York.

The aim of the civic medal system is to encourage civic pride among the boys, and it is hoped that the aldermen and selectmen of the cities and towns in this country will give stimulus to the work by voting formally to award the medals under the direction of the Boy Scouts of America.

The plan has worked successfully here and in Clinton, Connecticut. The enthusiasm of the Winsted Boy Scouts attracted the attention of the National Headquarters and a special committee on badges and awards is working out the requirements for civic medals.

BOY SCOUTS PAY HONOR TO OLD GLORY

350 Lads Show Respect to Sixty Aged Compatriots Who Fought for Flag

Three hundred and fifty members of the Newark division of the Boy Scouts of America gave an exhibit in Military Park, Saturday, April 27. Mayor Haussling reviewed their parade from Broad and Fulton streets, where the boys had honored the old soldiers who fifty years ago marched away to the front.

After patriotic exercises Mayor Haussling complimented the boys on their splendid showing, and wished them success in making the most out of themselves. He urged them to take advantage of all the splendid things which the Boy Scout movement tends to inculcate in the lives of the boys, and told them the city was proud to have such a splendid company of future citizens. After the boys had pledged allegiance to the flag and the bugle call to the colors was given, Old Glory, the largest flag in the city, was run up the steel flag-pole and the boys gave their scout yell in honor of the mayor.

The procession then formed and marched into the park, where on the large green an interesting exhibit showing the activities of the scouts was given.

A message was received from Baden Powell, formerly lieutenant-general in the British Army, who resigned his commission to give all his time to the extension of the Boy Scout movement, of which he is the founder.

On May 19, Captain Jack Crawford, former chief of scouts for the United States Government, was the guest of honor of the Newark scouts.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Eighty uniformed Boy Scouts of the New Haven Council participated in the annual Memorial Day parade, and although they were the youngest scouts of the entire council, they successfully withstood the march of nearly four miles.

The scouts gave demonstrations of good scoutship during the march and two of the youngest scouts were carried over the route on stretchers. After two hours of parading they worked side by side with the veterans, aiding in the distribution of flowers in the cemeteries.

The scouts in the suburban towns nearby, North Haven, West Haven, East Haven, Westville, Northford and Guilford also participated in the parades in their towns and aided the veterans in other ways.

Regular weekly hikes are indulged in by every troop, an average hike being about ten miles to camp and back. The boys are preparing to camp for the summer in various localities and are being instructed in cooking, hunting, etc.

The plans for the two hundred boy summer camp which is to be held at Lake Quinepaug, North Guilford, Connecticut, from June 22 to 29 have been completed. The full number of scouts will attend, many others being turned away for lack of accommodations. Water from the lake will be filtered for drinking purposes. Addresses by prominent New Haven citizens will be given each day of an educational nature.

NO NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT OF BOY SCOUTS

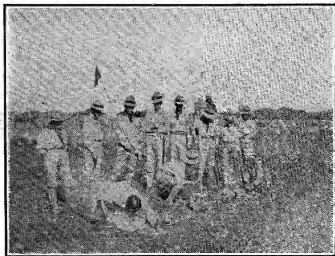
Announcement is made definitely by the Executive Board of the Boy Scouts of America that the National Organization this year will not undertake the arrangement of a camp for the boys. The plan of a national encampment in view of the youth of the scouts and of many other circumstances was not deemed wise. The idea, however, is to induce its local organization in different states to hold encampments, and if possible, to have different cities and towns in one state hold their camp in the same place and thus not have any national demonstration on the part of the boys. It is thought also such an arrangement will enable the boys to have more fun.

PHILIPPINE BOY SCOUTS

Proof of the value of the Boy Scouts comes from Manila, Philippine Islands, the outpost of the Boy Scout movement. Elwood E. Brown, who has organized the Boy Scouts in the Philippines, has written a letter to the national headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America, telling of the assistance which the Manila Boy Scouts gave recently at a fire in Manila. In his letter, he says:

"It might interest you to know that at a recent fire in Manila, which devastated acres of ground and rendered 3000 people homeless, that two patrols of the Manila Scouts reached the fire almost with the fire companies, reported to the proper authorities and worked for hours under very trying conditions, helping frightened natives into places of safety, removing valuables and other articles from houses that apparently were in the path of the flames, and performed cheerfully and efficiently all the tasks given to them by the firemen and scout-master. They were complimented in the public press, and a kind editorial written about their work."

"During the recent carnival the services of the boys were requested by the carnival officials, and for a period of ten days they were on duty performing all manner of service in the carnival grounds, directing strangers to hotels, and acting as guides and helpers in a hundred ways."



MANATI, PORTO RICO, BOY SCOUTS, ENGAGED IN WATER BOILING CONTEST

MANATI, PORTO RICO

With four patrols, fully equipped, and a record of second place in the Insular Fair scout drill competition, the Boy Scouts of Manati are not behind their brother scouts in the States. Although Spanish is their native language, Scout-master Merritt L. Oxenham uses English continually in his explanations and all the scouts understand thoroughly, as all subjects in school from the second year up are taught in English. The boys delight in singing American marching songs and are quick to pick up odd English expressions. In February they marched to and from the Insular Fair at San Juan, a distance of about one hundred kilometers, and monthly they average about fifty kilometers on different "hikes."

NEW ENGLAND BOY SCOUTS TO HOLD SUMMER CAMP

A summer camp for the New England Boy Scouts is to be held this summer at Weymouth Heights from July 10th to September 7. The cost is \$4.50 a week. It will be directed by Scout-master Joel Sargent. A well provided camp has been planned and there will be plenty of things to eat. Application should be made at once to the office, New England Boy Scouts, 262 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. The number of boys at the camp will be limited.

RHODE ISLAND BOY SCOUTS RECEIVE FLAGS

Many Thousands Witness Inspiring Scenes at Capitol

Governor Addresses Scouts and Declares Movement is Splendid Step Towards Good Citizenship—Maneuvers of Troops All Conducted Through Their Own Wireless Signaling Apparatus.

Several thousand men and women massed solidly on the steps and about the grounds of the Rhode Island State House on May 23d cheered the Rhode Island Boy Scouts when they received their troop flags from Mrs. Pothier, the wife of the Governor of Rhode Island.

It was the first public appearance of the Boy Scouts of Rhode Island as a combined body. None

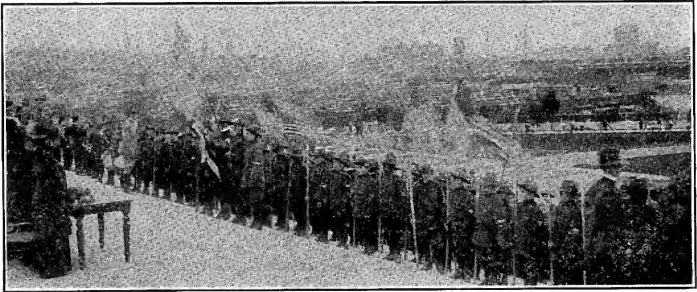
brooks, Ambrose Kennedy and Frank T. Easton of the State committee, R. I. B. S., and Walter R. Calender, Antonio Capotosto, Harold L. Madison, Patrick P. Carran, Capt. E. Merle Bixby, George L. Miner, N. Stuart Campbell, Howard Knight, T. F. I. McDonnell, Edward A. Stockwell, George W. Gardiner and Harris H. Bucklin, all members of the Providence committee, R. I. B. S.

Ten minutes later, at 5:15, the Scout Commissioner gave the signal for the advance and capture of the Capitol.

Fay's band struck up a lively quick two-step and the spots straightened out in formation.

Scout Commissioner Mathom, with Col. Charles E. Mulhern and Capt. G. Edward Buxton, Jr., then began the active work of the day, and the Scouts advanced in company front up the wide centre pathway in numbered troops order and stood at present arms. Scout-master Herbert R. Dean was the first to advance alone up the steps to salute first the commissioner and then to doff his sombrero to Mrs. Pothier. He received the first flag and carried it back down the steps to his color guard.

In rapid succession the troops of Providence received their colors, then came the First Cranston



RHODE ISLAND BOY SCOUTS RECEIVING FLAGS

of the throng of people who saw them will ever forget the inspiration of the scene and the spirit of the day.

One thousand of the Scouts in full uniform, with ambulance corps, drummers, buglers, scout-masters, etc., were there when five o'clock struck, but the spectators could not see a single scout in vicinity with the exception of a handful of color bearers and two wireless squads transmitting messages across the grounds. Every Scout was under cover.

Suddenly the wireless instruments flashed and crackled out a signal, a diminutive bugler in the centre of the great lawn called the "Assembly" and in a moment the grounds were covered with kahki-clad figures. Scouts seemed to spring from everywhere—from behind bushes, trees, under hedges, from the rotunda of the state house, from the streets surrounding the building, in fact from every conceivable hiding place in the vicinity. In less than sixty seconds from the sounding of the bugle, the troops were in perfect company formation and in another minute were massed in a solid and splendid looking body facing the marble steps where Mrs. Pothier, the Governor and his staff, the state and county committees of the Rhode Island Boy Scouts with several invited guests were waiting with a crowd of spectators to receive them.

"Way for the Governor!" sang out someone back of the crowd about the landing.

The way was opened and the Governor, accompanied by Mrs. Pothier, the Governor's staff in uniform, Miss Barbara Harriet Talbot, Regent of Gaspee Chapter, D. A. R.; Mrs. George Jay Arnold of Rhode Island Independence Chapter, D. A. R., was escorted by the commissioner and members of the committee to the flag table. Mayor Fletcher and Mrs. Fletcher a moment later joined the group, which soon included Hon. Walter A. Read, Gen. William Ames, Edgar R. Baker, Giles W. Easter-

Troop and the Second Cranston, the First East Providence and the First Greystone.

Then, after the entire brigade swept by in review and came again in a solid mass to the steps of the Capitol, Governor Pothier addressed the troops in the following words:

"No more hopeful and inspiring movement has ever been started in our state, than the Rhode Island Boy Scout movement, and I am proud indeed to be here today to encourage you boys in the name of the state and to offer my warmest compliments to the leaders who have so successfully organized these regiments.

"The cultivation of individual personal honor is the principle underlying your organization—a principle that should be the foundation of our citizenship. To foster the sentiment of honor should ever be the supreme effort of the state, the church, the school, the family and every humanitarian association. Love of God and of home, respect of authority and love of neighbor should be instilled in the hearts of our boys and girls at an early age. Upon this foundation rests the future of the state, and of the republic, and these precepts the Rhode Island Boy Scout movement is bound to encourage and to promote with splendid results.

"The state needs men. It needs men with these principles in their hearts. And it is you, the coming generation, who are to give her the men she needs to give to her future the glory and grandeur that should be hers."

The scout-commissioner then called for three cheers for the Governor and Mrs. Pothier.

The response echoed for a mile in all directions and was heard down in the city. Immediately afterward the troops were given the order to march, and to the music of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and patriotic airs left the grounds for their various headquarters.

FOR HIS VOW'S SAKE

A Wild Dash to a Strange Land

By WARREN KILLINGWORTH

This story started in the first number of *Boys' Life*. Back files containing the complete story to date may be secured from the publishers by sending five cents for each magazine. So far there have been four installments published.

CHAPTER IX

THE unexpected summons fell upon all present like a thunderclap. For some seconds the moujiks wavered between two alternatives. That the knock presaged the intervention of the law at that critical juncture neither doubted, especially after Greville's involuntary exclamation.

This gave the elder man, at least, a very decided clue as to the reasons underlying the American's sudden fear. It became self-evident that he had very good cause to evade contact with Cossacks. On the one hand was his oath—no light matter with him; on the other, an easy way out of a decided difficulty by allowing the law to take its course and so saving the awkward eventualities that lay behind the offence of harboring runaway convicts. Whatever would have been the upshot of this struggle between two alternatives it is impossible to say; but Greville's brain was far too active for the moujik's duller apprehension, and while yet the knocking echoed through the house he turned the scale by an adroit move.

"Remember your oaths," he ejaculated in a hoarse whisper; "otherwise, before an entrance can be effected, you are dead men. Choose!"

Again the knocks resounded through the room, this time followed by a demand for admittance.

Greville's attitude, Cyril's drawn knife, his gritted teeth and determined expression, proved decisive.

"Leave me here, my son," commanded the old moujik, his hand on the bolt of the door. "You are responsible for the American's safety—quick!" And he pointed towards the entrance by which Greville and his companion had lately come.

Another moment and the elder moujik was asking through the keyhole, in quavering accents, "Who was there?"

A queer fascination held Cyril spellbound at this juncture, and he stayed behind in an inner apartment while Greville stumbled on, following the moujik's son to some place of refuge in the outer darkness.

With his ear against the door panels, Cyril listened, all his other faculties in suspension.

What the reply was to the moujik's demand he could not have understood even had he been able to hear it; but his curiosity overcoming considerations of personal safety, he pushed the door slightly ajar, applying one eye to the crack thus formed.

The reply to his query being apparently satisfactory, the door was cautiously opened, revealing a solitary traveler, muffled up in furs to his eyes, who stood a moment in the entry.

Through the open door behind him Cyril could plainly distinguish a sledge and horses, the bells on the dooga every now and again ringing out a strident peal.

Transferring his gaze to the stranger, the latter's shambling gait as he crossed the room riveted his attention.

While he was trying to recollect where he had before seen a man walk like that, the stranger removed his fur cap, revealing the well-remembered features of the Mongol of the post-house.

Surprise at first held Cyril spellbound. By degrees, however, his self-composure returned. Never was a better opportunity for settling old scores. Animated by that idea, and never giving a thought to the consequences, he stepped quietly into the room and stood a moment with back against the door, taking in the situation.

The moujik's face was turned towards Cyril. He was conversing with the Mongol, who sat beside the stove while his host prepared the samovar (charcoal urn) for tea.

Suddenly the Mongol looked up, and saw Cyril standing there ready for the spring, his knife tightly clenched in his fist and an expression of exultation on his set face.

Catching up his fur cap, while starting upright as though suddenly shot, the Mongol retreated towards the door, and Guest, with his knife uplifted, dashed after him.

Cyril, in his eagerness to be at him, cannoned into the moujik, who, turning and seeing one of the braggadas (as he thought) standing over him, with knife raised, fell upon his knees and cried for mercy.

Meantime, the Mongol had tumbled into his sledge, and the sound of the dooga bells sounding fainter and fainter on the night air, showed the pace at which he was leaving the post-house and the sudden apparition of the American behind him.

This was the tableau which met Greville's gaze as he peered through the door.

Noting Cyril's absence, he had returned, fearing he was a prisoner.

"Have you gone daft?" exclaimed Greville, springing forward and beating down Cyril's knife arm.

For reply, Cyril could only point towards the open door and ejaculate, "The Mongol—gone—out there!"

Cyril had no eyes for the moujik, who still remained on his knees howling for mercy.

"Get up, do, and shut the door," commanded Greville in Russian. "It's not you my friend was after. Why did you try and intercept him?"

The peremptory tone brought the moujik to his senses. He slowly rose and gazed at Cyril in amazement.

"The cold has surely penetrated to my younger brother's brain," he ejaculated.

"Nothing of the sort," said Greville. "Your late visitor sought my friend's life at the last stage of our southward journey. It is a thousand pities he has escaped us."

"Yours must be a strange story," exclaimed the moujik as, after the excitement had abated, he watched his guests doing justice to the food he set before them.

"You may well say so!" exclaimed Greville; "eh, Guest?"

"What's that?" asked the latter.

"He says our story must be a strange one."

"H'm!" was Cyril's only comment. "Better tell the old boy the whole yarn. Having frightened him into civility, who knows how far his sympathy may be enlisted on our behalf."

"Oh," replied Greville, "the old chap's a very good sort. We're in luck's way so far; only question is how far to trust him."

"Tell him everything, barring our objective. We're entirely dependent upon his generosity and good faith."

The moujik, who had furtively watched the friends as they conversed while his son lounged by the stove equally interested, now interposed with:

"Perhaps, brother, you will tell me your story?"

"Certainly," said Greville, and he entered upon a description of their journeyings from Krasnoïarsk up to the time they were robbed by the braggadas.

"But what happened afterwards?" inquired the moujik, as Greville hesitated to proceed further. "Wherein, for instance, lies your fear of the Cossacks? They should be your best friends in such circumstances."

"Very much so," was Greville's sententious rejoinder, and he proceeded to tell his host of their fight with the wolves and subsequent rescue and capture.

"But," ejaculated the moujik, "you had nothing to fear. At the worst, detention of some hours until the Cossacks had time to communicate by telegraph with the consul who last read your passports."

"You may be right," said Greville, "though how we were to establish our identity is beyond me. Anyway, we preferred to simplify matters by attempting to escape from custody."

"And in doing so offered violence?" exclaimed the moujik in horror stricken tones. "In self-defense, yes."

"Then you may well fear recapture," he cried. "You must have been mad to attempt such a thing."

"We had passed through sufficient to send us off our heads, certainly; though, as a matter of fact, we Americans are a liberty-loving people, and keenly resent injustice."

"Well I know that!" exclaimed the moujik with feeling.

"How so?"

"I had a nephew—a student—banished to the mines," was the sad reply. "He escaped, and made for America. He lives in New York—an exile, but free. I have cause to love America."

"Oh, ho!" thought Greville. "Here's an opening indeed."

"This Mongol," continued the moujik—"why does he seek your lives?"

"That only he himself knows."

"But what brought you here?"

"A cry of distress from a fellow-countryman reached us in far-away America from far-away Mongolia. Ours is a mission of mercy."

"You are wonderful, you Americans!" was the moujik's comment, whole-souled admiration in his tone and glance.

At this moment the Moujik's son drew near.

"Father, we must help the Americans. What they have done for Ivanovitch must be requited."

"Help, yes! But how?"

"I have a plan," continued the younger man. "They seek the frontier. Food and clothing must be provided, and after that a guide."

The moujik nodded his venerable head, then extended his arms with a helpless gesture.

"Food and clothing are theirs," he exclaimed, "but who shall provide a guide?"

"The Siyott tribesmen are our friends," was the reply; "I will guide the Americans to their encampment, thence across the frontier would be comparatively easy."

"The plan is a good one," exclaimed the moujik with emphasis.

Greville, who had delightedly followed the conversation, hailing this totally unexpected way out of their present difficulties with huge satisfaction, here broke in with:

"The Siyotts—yes, I have heard of them; but what will they do without payment? We are beggars, all our belongings having been taken from us."

"The Siyott takes no cognizance of money," replied the moujik; "a handful of bullets, a little powder, tea or tobacco represent wealth to him. That my son and I can provide and will."

"You shall be handsomely recompensed," exclaimed Greville, "so soon as we reach our friends across the frontier."

"Have you friends?"

"Oh, yes," and Greville mentioned the name of a rich trader, to confer with whom

on a matter of urgent business formed part of his objective.

"That alone would be sufficient. Dame-trovitch to the Siyotts is a name to conjure with. Tell them you are his men, and all will be well."

CHAPTER X

A Startling Expedition

Some hours before daybreak the old moujik, who had remained watching beside the stove, started to rouse his sleeping guests.

For some minutes, so dead tired were they, he found it impossible to do more than elicit drowsy exclamations as of those who battle with untold difficulties in the throes of nightmare.

Ordinary means failing, he tried another expedient.

Placing his mouth to Greville's ear, he uttered the word, "Cossacks!" in a stentorian whisper, at the same time giving the sleeping man a vigorous shake.

"Eh, what's that?" cried Greville; starting up, rubbing his eyes and gazing wildly around.

"Time to be up and doing, brother," replied the moujik imperturbable.

Thoroughly awakened, Greville rose instantly, giving his still sleeping companion a rousing dig in the ribs as he did so.

The moujik's son now entered the room, prepared for an immediate start. He was clad in a long, shaggy, sheepskin coat, his lower limbs being encased in curious leggings, while fur boots and a heavy cap of the same material, leaving only the eyes visible above the rim of the high collar which rose well over his ears, completed his equipment.

A similar outfit for the two Americans lay upon the table, with several bundles containing provisions and necessities for the journey.

"Hurry up, Guest, do!" cried Greville as, assisted by the younger moujik, he muffled himself up for the journey over the mountain range which lay between them and safety.

Cyril, thus admonished, sat up yawning.

This awakening to the reality of things at dead of night seemed altogether shadowy and unreal; and, more than half believing in his own mind that the incident was but part of a dream, he yielded himself to Greville's superintendence, and somehow tumbled in to his strange attire. A hurried cup of tea from the steaming samovar, a few mouthfuls of food, a final handshake with their generous host and benefactor, and they were out in the biting cold, with the stars shining like living diamonds in the steely sky above their heads.

Progress by any other method than on foot was out of the question. Every step of the perilous journey was beset with risk. Even a hand sledge would have proved an encumbrance and consequent source of danger.

Shunning the open road wherever practicable, and stealing under cover again at the

earliest possible moment, thus was the night worn out, wearily trudging without a halt in true braggada fashion.

"This chap knows his way about," remarked Greville in an undertone as, after twice crossing and recrossing the ice, they plunged into forest land bordering on the river, and that by way of an inlet which none but a native conversant with every nook and cranny could possibly have hit upon by star-light.

"He does indeed," replied Cyril, "though I'd be better pleased if I knew for certain how all this was going to end."

"What do you mean?"

"How we can hope to get clear away puzzles me," replied Cyril. "Were there no such thing as telegraphic communication, we might have a fair chance; but, as matters stand, nothing but a miracle—"

"Hist!"

This exclamation came from the guide, who was a few yards ahead and had suddenly stopped.

Though unable to see him for the dense gloom, both Americans could imagine the warning finger at his lips, and further utterance on Cyril's part was instantly checked.

"What is the matter?" inquired Greville.

For answer, the young moujik parted the foliage screening the river, which, in its winding course, here ran parallel to the path they were following.

The Americans drew near and looked down upon the even white track which lay a hundred feet below them.

Hardly had the moujik parted the bushes when a three-horsed covered sledge, with jangling dooga, dashed by, bound south, the furious cries of the yemschik upborne on the breeze.

"Cossacks?" queried Greville.

"Impossible to say," was the guide's reply.

For some seconds they stood gazing after the sledge, then drew back into the dark shadow of the forest, though not before Cyril detected a movement on the opposite side of the river, to which he directed Greville's attention.

While watching the frozen expanse, a dark object, which had shot from under cover of a deeply indented bay, came into full view.

"Another sledge, by all that's mysterious!" exclaimed Greville in a hoarse whisper.

"Ha!" cried Cyril, as the driver, after describing a half-circle, instantly took up the southerly track of the first sledge.

"What do you make of it?" ejaculated Greville.

"Hanged if I quite know what to think," was the reply.

"The first sledge is evidently being dogged," said Greville, "which only shows, if the shadowing process is being carried on by the police, what a very tight place we are in."

"Forcibly illustrating," continued the other, "what I was saying when our guide

interrupted me, that nothing short of a miracle will suffice to see us safely over the frontier."

Greville did not reply, Cyril's remark finding too ready a response in his own heart to call for comment.

In silence both followed their guide, each occupied by his own thoughts on the situation, until, about two miles further on, the moujik stopped again.

"What now?" asked Greville.

On the opposite side of the river stood the lonely house of the moujik's kinsman, father of the young man Ivanovitch who resided in Houndsditch. Leaving the two Americans under cover of the trees, the guide crossed the ice to reconnoitre.

In a short time he returned with alarming news.

Every post-house on the line of route had been warned to look out for two runaway Americans who were wanted by the police.

"Nice tidings these with which to greet the morn," cried Cyril.

"Any travelers at the house?" asked Greville.

For answer the moujik deprecated any idea of seeking shelter with his kinsman, however willing he might be to assist them. The house was at present occupied by a party of Chinese bound for the Mongolian interior, who had put up for the night owing to the serious illness of one of their number who was at the point of death.

"What are they after, do you know?" asked Greville.

On being informed by the moujik that the party were conveying the body of a Chinese tea merchant who had died in Russia to the home of his ancestors for the funeral rites, Greville exclaimed, "Was it ever wise to say die in any circumstances under heaven? Here, Guest, is the miracle you stipulated for."

"Why, what's your notion?" inquired Cyril.

"One that should carry us through if properly worked," was the confident reply. "One of the party sick unto death, eh, and a dead Chinaman carried in a coffin. Ho! Ho!"

Greville turned toward the moujik.

"Are the party astir?" he inquired.

On being answered in the negative, Greville next asked where the coffin lay.

"On an open sledge in an outhouse," was the wondering reply.

"Then," exclaimed Greville, "I have it!"

"Pass it on then, will you!" exclaimed Cyril. "For the life of me I can't see your drift."

"Can't you? Why, it's as plain as daylight to me. The sick man who can't travel has a passport, and a dead man doesn't want one, does he?"

"No; but what then?"

"Supposing it were arranged for me to take the place of the sick man?"

"But what about me?"

"You could travel in the coffin!"

"With a dead Chinaman for company? Thanks!"

"No, no! What I meant was that I should supply the place of the sick man and you that of the dead. Now do you see?"

"What about the deceased tea merchant?"

"Oh, we'll get him buried decently before morning. What do you think of the plan?"

"Sounds all right," replied Cyril, unable to repress a shiver; "but we'll draw lots over the impersonation of the tea merchant, if you don't mind."

"Say we've tossed up," replied Cyril after a few seconds' silence, "and you've won, Greville."

"In other words, you're game?"

"Yes."

A long earnest conversation ensued between Greville and the moujik, whose assistance was essential.

"Does he agree?" asked Cyril, more than half hoping the moujik would refuse to have anything to do with the plan.

"After a deal of persuasion, yes. Come along; we've not a moment to lose. The first glimmer of daylight will spoil all."

Greville and the moujik immediately attacked the coffin, which was bound with withes, removing a voluminous white bundle, at sight of which Cyril shut his eyes tight while his whole being recoiled in horror.

Upon recovering his nerves, Greville, who had disappeared with the bundle, again stood beside him.

"Have you buried it?" asked Cyril in awestruck tones.

"Six feet of snow," was the reply. "Your turn, old boy."

Moving mechanically, Cyril approached the bier, and, being lifted by the moujik and Greville, suffered them to tuck him in the coffin, furs and all, just as he was.

Food from their store of provisions was, in case of accidents, next placed beside him, and Greville said something which sounded so far away that it seemed to concern someone else in another country.

"Keep a stout heart, old chap. I'll manage all the rest."

"But," exclaimed Cyril, momentarily shaking off the lethargy which had so far overcome him, just as Greville was in the act of shutting him in, "supposing the Chinamen won't—"

"Won't what?"

"Supposing," began Cyril again, making a supreme effort to speak—"supposing things won't work out?"

"I'll have you out of this in a brace of shakes, never fear."

Cyril made no reply. He was past thinking, and Greville's very confident rejoinder fell upon deaf ears.

From the moment the lid was replaced, a speechless horror seized upon him, further utterance froze upon his lips, and then—he remembered no more!

(To be continued)

Watch for the next installment of this most interesting serial. It is even more attention-riveting than this. You should not miss it. Back numbers containing this complete story will be sent for ten cents in stamps.



JACK GLENISTER

A PLUNGE FOR FAME

On August 18, 1908, Jack Glenister swam the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara Falls. This feat is vouched for by competent witnesses, and throws all the swimming feats of history in the shade. At 6:30 on the morning of the above mentioned date Glenister entered the Niagara River at a point three hundred feet above the elevated whirlpool, at which point the rapids commence. It was at this point that Captain Webb, the celebrated English swimmer entered the water to attempt the same swim, and which cost him his life. Mr. Glenister's own story as told by him to the representative of BOYS' LIFE, follows:

ON August 17, 1908, accompanied by several friends, newspaper men, a physician and a corps of Vitagraph experts, I went to a fishing shack on the banks of the Niagara River, we remained in this shack until three o'clock the following morning; we left and walked up the gorge railroad to a point opposite the old Maid of the Mist landing. I jumped in and headed for the center of the river. It was easy enough swimming against the four mile current; and in a few minutes I turned and headed for the rapids. I had studied the currents for days, and by throwing in logs and watching their course had learned that seven out of ten were invariably drawn into the vortex. The other three somehow escaped, and while there seemed to be no explanation of why they skirted the edge of the Whirlpool, I determined that by the exercise of a little will and strength I could escape as well as a senseless log.

I had figured that, by entering the rapids from the American bank I stood a better chance, just how to escape being drawn into the maelstrom I hardly knew, but before starting had marked certain eddies and drifts of water, but whether I could propel myself to profit by them I did not know. Nearing the rapids, my plans which had been rather vague from necessity, faded from my mind entirely. For now these terrible arms had grasped me, to dash me aside, snatching me again to throw me out of the water into the howling foam, then pulling me down beneath a cold dead weight of water.

How could I remember anything—how could I keep my head? Now climbing a crested wave with desperate effort, then tumbling into a green abyss that was yawning to swallow me. My will failed me and only the instinct of self-preservation kept me trying to swim. Whenever I rose to the

surface I struck out with a long over-hand stroke; but it was only the rabid wish of the body to keep alive. After the first plunge, finding that by long intakes of breath as I came to the surface I could keep from smothering. I had a feeling of exultation. It probably only lasted a minute, but it seemed like ten, and in that time I knew that I was approaching the most dangerous part of my journey—the whirlpool. The next moment I was fighting for bare life, and, as I realized, with little or no hope of winning out. I was then in the Whirlpool Rapids and had drifted unknowingly into the American Channel, and the strange, high spirits I had felt before were succeeded by woe and dread. I felt sure that I was being hurled to my death.

I saw things in a lightning flash—which threw up things past and present in an instant of clear vision. Pictures of my life, the places where I had lived, the foreign countries I had visited all had the same value. Feeling sure that it was death and realizing how puny were my human efforts, yet I never ceased putting them forth. Once when I was thrown bodily out of the water I heard myself shriek.

Contradictory as it may seem, while skirting the whirlpool I dodged great flukes of water and open black spaces which might have been rocks for all I knew. I remember too, the course I traversed, and when a deep abyss opened before me and I began tumbling into it head over heels, I knew that I had safely passed the Whirlpool, and I felt my heart give a convulsive leap which meant a revival of hope.

"Strike out for the shore," cried a voice. I heard it and mechanically turned in that direction. Then came a shout from the others—a sound which reached me above the roar of the waters. It was more like a sob than a shout, and when it came to my

ears I burst out crying; I don't know why. I was swimming all the while, but oh, so feebly—yet I knew that I was off the Devil's Hole and that soon I might be safe out of that seething hell.

I was tired and nearly unconscious, but when a life preserver came whizzing into the water near me, I had strength enough to thrust my arm into the ring, and after that I remember nothing.

They say that when they pulled me out of the water, I was hysterical and delirious, wanted to kiss each one, and that my lips were flecked with foam. I have no recollection of anything more until I woke up in a berth in a sleeping car bound for home. I was cut in several places, my eighth rib was broken, and I had a bad bruise on my left arm, these injuries I got while being dragged to land. Previously, in the upper part of the lower rapids, I had struck a rock and ruptured a muscle on my left thigh, but I was conscious when this happened.

It was exactly 6:45 when they pulled me out of the water. I had made the distance of three and a half miles in fifteen minutes. The velocity of the Niagara River at the point I entered is four miles an hour; but after entering the rapids its speed is forty miles an hour.

That is how I swam the Whirlpool rapids. I went through the motions of swimming from first to last. This experience made me more thoughtful and serious, less apt to do foolhardy things, and moved me to deeper emotions than I am used to, which I am incapable of expressing, and the like of which I prefer not to feel again before I die.

THE SCOUT AND THE CAMERA

I suppose there are not many of you Boy Scouts that have not got a camera of some sort, or who, at any rate, if you became interested in taking photos, could not put something into the money-box for a few weeks so as to get one.

But what, you may say, has the camera got to do with scouting, anyway? Well, it's a fair question, and I will answer it.

Supposing you are a first-class scout, and you want to get the special badge of honor, one of the ways in which you can set about it is to get good enough at your camera work to be able to take a series of twelve photos of wild animals, birds, or reptiles from life, to develop and print them yourself, with a brief description of each creature not more than twenty words in length.

This wants some doing if it is to be done well. Your founder has tried to make you see how much better it is to photograph a nest with eggs or the bird sitting on the nest, than to "pull" it and destroy all the labor of love that the poor creature has spent weeks of work upon. If, he says, you are lucky enough to have a camera of your own, you cannot possibly do better than start making a collection of photos of animals and birds taken from life. This collection is a thousand times more interesting than ordinary collections; while stalking these animals and getting near enough to them to photo them without being perceived is as good an exercise for the scout in his own line of business as can well be imagined.

When a scout is sent out to reconnoitre a stretch of country in order to be able to lead the main body, it is of the utmost importance that he should be able to report accurately on the kind of country through which he has passed, the landmarks by which he will steer his way, and the best route to the next halting place.

Of course, the most desirable thing is to be able to sketch, so that at intervals on the expedition drawings may be made, not only of the character of the country, but also of the principal landmarks and points of leading. But, failing this power, there comes in the camera, which may well be used for the purpose. It is much quicker, and may, if skillfully used, be almost as effective. You should be able to turn out prints from your exposed plates or films in half an hour from the time when you arrive back in camp; good prints, and rapid giving of them in, is the essence of success in this work.

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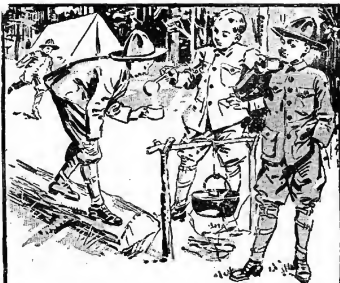
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HINTS FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

Interesting Hints on the Hobby

Conducted by JOSEPH J. LANE.

I HAVE just received a letter from a young collector in which he says; "I took up philately about two years ago, and have since then got together a small collection of about three thousand, but have now began to realize how hard it is for a fellow to get a good representative collection of the whole world unless he is a millionaire, and that the stamps that I have got are only worth about twenty dollars, although I have spent more on them, as many of them are made up sets and other rubbish which has no chance of becoming valuable. I want to go on collecting, and shall be greatly obliged if you would advise me what to do."

I suppose there comes to all of us at some time or other, a feeling of utter helplessness when we contemplate the few stamps we have, and the vast number that we have not.

I would, however, like to point out that it is a very fatal thing to attempt stamp collecting from the point of view of dollars. Personally, I think the true stamp collector will take more pride in a nicely arranged page of fairly common stamps, each one in perfect condition even though they are postally used, than he will in a badly arranged page which contains some rather uncommon stamps. We should collect not for what the stamps are ultimately worth, but for their interesting qualities, for their fascinating differences in shade, perforation, and watermark, and for other qualities inherent in the stamps themselves. The mere question of rareness or commonness should be almost secondary.

But I am not doing what I set out to do, and that was to help those of my readers who are in the same boat with the lad whose letter I have just quoted. The advice I gave him and the advice I must give to all those who are similarly situated, is either to start collecting a single country, or, what is more interesting, collecting a group of countries. I advocated this system of specialism in the last number of **Boys' Life**, but I have no doubt that many will be glad of more details.

The best way to start this group collecting is either to purchase a blank album or to obtain the leaves for those countries which you propose to attack, from one of those albums which are published in sections. Having obtained either your blank album or your album containing just the pages wanted, you should proceed to transfer from the general collection you have formed the stamps of those countries you are going to interest yourself in.

You should then, if you have not already done so, obtain a catalog. By its aid the transference should be made. A very good idea is to keep one page for the straight-

forward type collecting, and let the next contain minor varieties, etc. You will thus have one page which you will arrange so that you will have spaces left for stamps you have not got, and the next page you can allow yourself more latitude. Of course if you have the pages for a sectional album, you will be able to do this quite well, using the blank sheets which you can get to match the minor pages to mount your varieties upon.

Allow plenty of space for each stamp, for nothing looks worse than a badly crowded page. Say you have seven stamps in one issue and you can get five in a page, you will have to then arrange your stamps in two lines, one of five and one of two.

Place the stamps on a separate sheet in the order they are to go, then take the middle stamp of the top line and hinge it down where it should go. After that, you can arrange the other four on the top line, two on each side of the middle stamp, taking care that they balance properly. The underneath two you will arrange one each side of the center line of the page. This advice of course applies to mounting the stamps on "quadrille" pages. If you already have the spaces already marked out for you, your task is easier.

When you have got your type page arranged and are certain that you will not have to shift the stamps at all, you can letter, with pen and ink, in the smallest and neatest characters you are capable of making, the date, watermark, etc., of the issue. If the stamps have any individual peculiarities, it is well to write them on the page, in the space covered by the stamp. On your minor varieties page you should do this under each stamp, noting there the perforation, watermark, and anything else that differentiates the stamp from the ordinary type on the type page.

(To be continued)



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BOYS' LIFE MAGAZINE

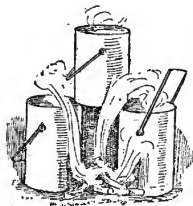
Premium Dept,

BOSTON, MASS.

THINGS ALL SCOUTS SHOULD KNOW

Conducted by HARRY A. LANPHEAR

THE PARAGRAPHS FOLLOWING EXPLAIN MANY LITTLE USEFUL THINGS WELL WORTH KNOWING



TO HEAT FOUR CANS WITH ONE FIRE

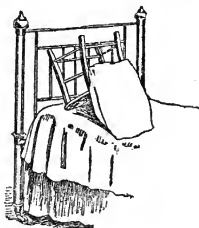
The illustration gives a method by which four billycans can be heated by one small fire. It should prove a useful hint to Scouts who are in camp and find themselves short of fuel.

BACK REST FOR INVALIDS

Here is a simple and ingenious device, the good points of which are obvious from our illustration.

When an invalid is recovering, it is always a difficult matter to find a comfortable method of enabling him to sit up to take food or to read.

However, by turning an ordinary bedroom chair upside down on the bed, so that the front legs rest on the head rail, and by arranging pillows on the sloping back, a very comfortable rest for the invalid is provided.

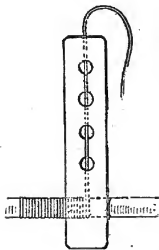


BINDING NEATLY WITH WIRE

Scouts may often have occasion to bind some cylindrical thing. Perhaps the broken parts of a fishing-rod require joining, or a weak joint would be rather better for being strengthened.

The simple sketch shows you the best way to bind anything with wire—a far better method than using the fingers and hand alone. By passing the wire in and out of a few holes in a stout piece of wood, as shown, you can bind it around

quite neatly—and as tightly as you like.



TO CLEAN PLATES

Greasy plates are hard to clean without hot water, and when out scouting, or in camp, boiling water is not always easy to obtain. A tuft of grass with damp earth adhering to it is a good substitute. Rub the earth well over the plate, and it will soon remove the grease. Then rinse the plate in cold water, and it will be perfectly clean.

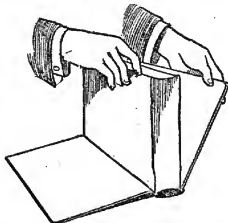


Falling sand, earth will also clean grease or oil out of bottles.

OPENING A NEW BOOK

Many people spoil the binding of new books by carelessly opening them. The proper way to open a volume when it is new is to place it with its back on the table and then to let both the board covers gently down while holding the leaves in one hand. Then open a few leaves at the front, then a few at the back, until the centre is reached.

By going slowly like this the first two or three times the book is opened, you will make it last much longer than you would by opening it in a great hurry.



THE GLASS WILL NOT CRACK

When hot water is poured into a glass, the latter is very likely to crack if precautions are not taken. To prevent the glass from breaking, you should place a spoon in it and let the hot liquid run down the metal, as shown in the illustration.

This will take the heat away from the glass, and so enable you to keep your store of glass intact.



Camp Algonquin

Asquam Lake, N. H.

A select camp for manly boys, 26th season begins June 27th. Twenty-five years of success. Thoroughly equipped buildings, insuring dry bedding and clothes. High moral standard and courteous manners required. Careful physical training; constant supervision. The best of food and pure water. Swimming, boating, canoeing, mountain-climbing, baseball, tennis and other sports. Nature study. Tutoring if desired. Address EDWIN DE MERITTE, Prin. De Meritte School, 815 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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When answering advertisements appearing in this magazine it is requested that you mention "Boys' Life." We will appreciate it if you do this.

Our advertisers are all reliable firms and we are willing to recommend them to any prospective buyer.

—The Publishers.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

The New Scout Law

This is the new scout law which has been incorporated in the new manual of the Boy Scouts of America which has just been issued. The laws are greatly improved over the old ones and tell of twelve commandments for the Scouts to live up to.

1. A scout's honor is to be trusted.

If a scout were to break his honor by telling a lie, or by not carrying out an order exactly, when trusted on his honor to do so, he may be directed to hand over his scout badge, and never to wear it again.

2. A scout is loyal.

He is loyal to all to whom loyalty is due: his scout leaders, his home and parents and country.

3. A scout is useful.

He must be prepared at any time to save life or help injured persons. He must do A GOOD TURN TO SOMEBODY EVERY DAY.

4. A scout is friendly.

He is a friend to all and a brother to every other scout.

5. A scout is courteous.

He is polite to all, especially to women, children, old people and the weak and helpless. HE MUST NOT TAKE ANY TIPS FOR BEING HELPFUL OR COURTEOUS.

6. A scout is kind.

He is a friend to animals. He should save them from pain and should not kill any animal unnecessarily.

7. A scout is obedient.

He obeys his patrol leader and scout master, his parents and all other duly constituted authorities.

8. A scout is cheerful.

He smiles or whistles when in difficulties. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shirks nor grumbles at hardships.

9. A scout is thrifty.

He works faithfully, wastes nothing and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way, be generous to those in need and helpful to worthy objects. HE MAY GIVE HIS SERVICES FOR PAY BUT MUST NOT RECEIVE TIPS FOR COURTESIES OR GOOD TURNS.

10. A scout is brave.

He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear and to stand up for the right against the coaxings of friends or the jeers of enemies.

11. A scout is clean.

He keeps clean in body and thought; and stands for clean speech, clean sport and clean habits.

12. A scout is reverent.

He is reverent toward God and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.

RHODE ISLAND BOY SCOUTS CHAMPION BALL PLAYERS

If the Providence Grays of the Eastern League were as alert and as progressive as their mascot, Donald Burke, the odds are a rain check against a season pass that just now they wouldn't be loitering among the second division teams. Donald has helped bring championship pennants to three teams in three successive years and he is doing his best to keep Providence out of the rut.

Thus far he has had small success, but he is persevering. Donald is ten years old and one of the best juvenile baseball players in Providence. He is captain, manager and pitcher of the American Eagles of Washington Park, Edgewood, and he has made his team one of the fastest in this vicinity. He is left-handed and he has mastered most of the curves for which the big league twirlers are noted.

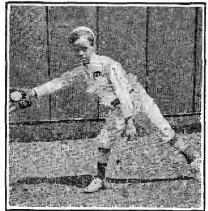
Donald is also a member of Troop One, Rhode Island Boy Scouts. He was among the first to join this organization and he is one of its youngest enthusiasts. He is likewise a good football player and a close follower of the game of roller polo, which is so popular in Southern New England in winter. He attends every game played in Providence, knows all of the players and is conversant with their various styles of play.

With all of his sport activities, however, Donald still has time to maintain his end at school. He goes to the Broad Street Grammar School where he is among the leaders of his class. He will be graduated when he is twelve years old, which is a year younger than the average. He is well-liked by his teachers, for he studies hard when he is in school and never misses a day of his own volition.

He learned to play baseball about the time that he learned to walk. It is his favorite game. He is out with his nine from early spring until late in the fall. His first job as mascot was with the champion Centredale team of the Providence Amateur League three years ago. Since then he has also seen another pennant won by that team, as well as one by the Edgewoods in 1910. He went with the Grays this spring in hope that he might bring them good luck.

Donald's greatest experience was when he got into an argument at a roller polo game one night with then Governor Higgins of Rhode Island. The Governor happened to sit next to Donald that night and during an exciting period on the floor the two got to debating on the merits of the rival teams. Donald did not know until later that it was the Governor to whom he was talking, but he was certain that he had upheld his side of the question.

He is a nephew of Timothy E. O'Neil, the "father of amateur baseball" in Providence. From his uncle he got his love for the game. Mr. O'Neil admits now, however, that Donald knows more about baseball than he can ever hope to learn.



CATCHING A "HOT" ONE

New patrols of the Boy Scouts of America are being organized on an average of three hundred a week. A patrol consists of eight boys or less. So it is a conservative estimate to say that two thousand boys every week are becoming Scouts. In addition to this, it must be remembered that many patrols are being formed and have Scout-masters who have not yet been registered.



BOYS' LIFE

A REAL
BOYS' MAGAZINE



Just what all Scouts have been looking for—a clean, manly magazine full of stirring stories—articles on all branches of the Boy Scout Movement—hints for Scouts—Boy Scout News and Notes from all over the country, and a fine physical culture department, all handsomely illustrated.

Contains in every issue three or four clever short stories, a long complete ten-thousand-word tale of adventure, an installment of a stirring serial, campfire talks by the editor, articles and departments devoted to the Boy Scouts of a type which arouse and sustain a boy's enthusiasm in the movement.

The Objects of Boys' Life Magazine

In issuing BOYS' LIFE, we have two objects in view:

First—To furnish the Boy Scouts with a paper which they may consider their own, and which will keep them in touch with patrols all over the country, to give them hints and instructions on Scouting, how to play Scouting games, and to supply them with good, clean, stirring stories of adventure.

Second—To place in the hands of all boys a paper of which they may be proud, and one which they will not be afraid to have their parents see them reading.

We want every boy to show his copy of BOYS' LIFE to his parents, ask them to read it, and compare it with the cheap five-cent weeklies that are now being sold. We have no doubt that after they see the manly tone of our paper they will heartily approve of our project to give

the American boy a journal of a higher moral tone than that of any other boys' paper published.

We feel that the boys of this country are not namby-pamby youths, devoid of imagination, and who know nothing and care nothing about the great world awaiting them. They want to read and know something beyond the dull level of their own street and town.

To this end they are not desirous of wading through pages of blood and horror, impossible detective yarns, of stories in which crime and violence play a leading part.

They want good, healthy stories of adventure, in all parts of the world—stories full of the right kind of dash and excitement. These are the only kind which BOYS' LIFE will publish—stories that will do their part toward building character in boys.

BOYS' LIFE publishes more live, interesting boy scout news than any other magazine in the country. Its corps of correspondents keep its readers well informed as to everything new in the scout movement. You **NEED IT.** Your patrol **NEEDS IT.** Every Boy Scout should **READ IT.**

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Back Numbers of BOYS' LIFE

The Boy Scouts' Magazine

So many requests have been received for back numbers of this magazine that we are making a special offer this month. We will send, upon receipt of eight 2-cent stamps, the first four issues of **BOYS' LIFE**. These are all good, clean copies and are suitable for those who wish to have a complete file of the magazine for future reference. This is the only time this offer will be made and is an exceptional opportunity for you to secure a complete file of the best boys' magazine. Send your order today before the supply is exhausted. Simply say: *"Enclosed find eight two-cent stamps for which please send me a copy of each of the first four issues of BOYS' LIFE,"* and they will be sent by return mail. This offer may not appear again.

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